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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 101. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 8TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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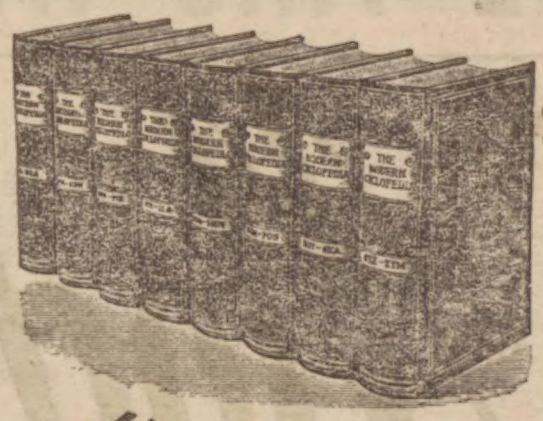

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 101. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 8TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

HE INNKEEPER'S DUTY.

THINGS HE IS BOUND BY LAW TO DO FOR YOU.

n you are staying at an inn, you are d to many rights and privileges that you often exercise. The innkeeper has erything in his favour. One item of the gulating the relations of innkeeper and elates to the matter of food. If you and shoot something—it may be a a partridge, a pheasant, a pigeon, or g good to eat—you are entitled to t back to the inn and have it cooked. most innkeepers would be only too that you should supply your own n this way, and would regard you with r favour. This would be the case in country inns where there is not a and constant company in the house. another case, the innkeeper might ne resentment that the kitchen arrange- carefully made to provide meals for a hundred guests, should be upset somebody wants a pigeon pie. thinks you know nothing of the law say he cannot do your cooking. owever, you let him see you know a r two and tell him that he is bound to or you, he will, if he is wise, go away it done without more ado. he has the last word, after all, for the law says he must cook it for you, does not limit him in the price he for doing so.

other day a man staying at a large eceived from a friend a present of He handed it to the hotel people and to have it cooked for dinner. The duly appeared, but on the bill was an 13s. for cooking.

frequently the case, on asking for tea ensed house, to be met with some ob- on the part of the landlord, or his Many little inns seem to find it a very isance to have to provide tea. natter of law a landlord cannot refuse tea, or indeed anything within reason. allowed to carry on his trade as a ed victualler," and a victualler must victuals, and tea and bread-and-butter uals so they must be provided. t with any objection to provide tea r reasonable food, a threat to inform sing justices or the chief constable of rict, will usually bring landlords to ses, and many people, out of a sense to themselves and the public—a sense ght be a little more widely distributed ght thought will console us in a vantage—will make a point of turning censing sessions and objecting to the of the licence to those landlords who estrict the purpose of the inn to the f beer and baccy. R. ARMITAGE.

CHEEK.

The airship Zeppelin VI. has exploded. Of course, the newspapers were glad of the report.

* * *

A clergyman describes the modern woman as generally "crumpled and dust-laden." *Our* opinion, however, is that she is not so dusty.

* * *

Says Mr. Hall Caine: "A Lancashire man is a Lancashire man." By Jove, now you mention it, *so he is!*

* * *

We learn from "The Young Woman" that "women . . . have no sense of justice." A crabbed juvenile misogynist of our acquaintance (who has just been jilted) says that they have no sense at all.

* * *

"M.A.P." tells us that "Change is delightful." Especially when the shopkeeper makes a mistake and gives you too much of it.

* * *

The desire for realism among actors is growing. Not long ago Mr. Arthur Bourchier grew a beard for the part of Henry VIII.; and now, the better to play the lead in "The Man from the Sea," Mr. Robert Loraine must needs take a plunge into the briny—in his aeroplane!

* * *

Thus the Bishop of Carlisle: "I see many traces of evolution in the people with whom I come in contact. Some of them are as soulless as an oyster and as silly as a monkey." And, do you know, some are almost as bumptious as a Bishop.

* * *

"All this civilian fuss about Form 4 makes me tired!" snorted Mr. Thomas Atkins, after reading a Land Tax article. "Why, in the Service, they give us "Form Fours!" every day!"

* * *

"G. B. S." observes: "There is only one religion, though there are a hundred versions of it." Is he really Shaw?

* * *

"I could not live," declares Mlle. Cléo de Mérode, "if I could not dance." How dreadful if she had an attack of rheumatism!

* * *

"All the finest work of the world is done for nothing," remarks a writer in "The Nation." The next time we have a contribution rejected, this bright thought will console us in a measure.

* * *

Dr. J. Johnston Macgregor insists that "A baby's falls are worth watching." They are certainly more entertaining than those of some foreign wrestlers we know. J. S. COX.

SPORT, THE LEVELLER.

WHEN JACK IS AS GOOD AS HIS MASTER

Sport is almost as great a leveller of mankind as death itself.

Occasionally, of course, a sporting body takes up a snobbish attitude, such as the Amateur Rowing Association, for instance, which bars an artisan simply because he is a working-man.

In the hunting field nobody cares a wicked word whether a man is a nobleman or a sporting tailor from Bond Street, provided he rides straight and observes hunting etiquette.

In such great sports as big game shooting and mountaineering, the professional hunter or guide is as good as his employer, and all social distinctions cease to exist while they are on the "war-path."

Even a Roosevelt takes a back seat in the presence of a hunter like Mr. F. C. Selous, and your Alpine climber—I mean the genuine, not the tourist sort—regards his guide, not as a servant but as a trusty friend and comrade.

The great field sports, however, are for the few, but in games we find the same levelling influence at work.

There is, it is true, the barrier between amateur and professional, but this exists mainly in first-class playing circles, and even then it is often broken down.

Sport, however, is not only a leveller of social caste—it is a leveller of intellect.

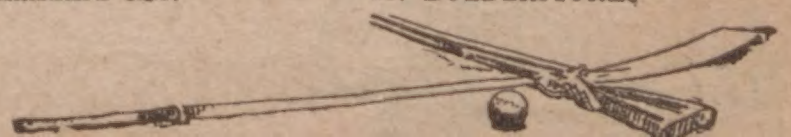
This is especially true of golf. Not so much, I think, because of the inherent difficulties of the game, which, after all, are no greater than those of other games, but from the fact that so many elderly and middle-aged men, who have been successful in various walks of life take to golf as a means of physical and mental salvation.

Thus, on the golf links, you may see a great thinker, a distinguished general, or a millionaire man of business listening humbly to the scornful instructions of a tatterdemalion twelve-year-old caddie, or sitting at the feet of an empty-headed youth whose supple wrists have placed him on the scratch mark.

Fishing is another great leveller, because again many distinguished men take to it late in life as an anodyne for tired brains and jangled nerves.

The elderly novice, armed with every expensive device of the tackle-makers, fishes all day long and catches a tin-kettle. From the same stream a boy equipped with the rudest of tackle pulls out fish after fish, and age waits humbly on him and vainly tries to purchase his knowledge.

A gamekeeper may be a servant, but he is also his master's friend. To paraphrase the poet, one touch of sporting nature makes all mankind kin. A. BOLDERSTONE.



NIGHT CLUBS

ANOTHER HINT FOR THE POLICE.

From time to time, a momentary interest is excited in the minds of newspaper-readers by reports of a "Raid on a West-End Club," but, in nine cases out of ten, these are only gambling-dens. We propose to deal in this article with a far greater evil—the carefully concealed hot-beds of debauchery known as night clubs.

The police boast, with the supineness which is not their least noticeable characteristic, that they have stamped out the night club, but this is not so. Occasionally they discover the existence of one of these institutions, and raid it; but this does not prevent its being started again elsewhere.

THE OLD "CORINTHIAN" AND "WATERLOO."

They have, it is true, done away with the well-known night clubs of the old days—the famous "Corinthian," and the almost equally well-known "Waterloo," that used to be situated in Waterloo Place—but it is questionable whether, in so doing, they have not wrought more harm than good.

These clubs, though frankly the resorts of *roués*—for the most part wealthy youngsters, bent on seeing life and losing money—were, as far as was possible, fairly well-conducted establishments. The women who were allowed admission were nothing more nor less than their modern sisters who now walk the promenades of the big music-halls; and they went to the clubs for the same purpose. The old night clubs were avowedly meeting-places, but beyond that nothing could be urged against them.

SOHO: THE DIRT HEAP OF EUROPE.

Our older readers will probably remember the romantic marriage that took place, a good many years ago now, between a peer and a well-known singer and dancer who styled herself by the name of "Belle ——." The groom met his bride at the old "Corinthian."

The old-fashioned night clubs which, looked at from the point of view of the man of the world, were more or less innocuous institutions, have now given place to far more harmful establishments—secret dens which are frequented by the most degraded of degenerates for the practice of their unspeakable vices.

The man who takes a stroll through the alien-infested district of London known as Soho, will probably pass as many as fifteen or twenty night clubs without knowing it. There is no sign upon the door that all who run may read; the night club of these days is a very secret institution.

It is generally situated in the basement under some shop—a "*delicatessen*" shop, a tobacconist's or a barber's—kept as a blind by the proprietor of the club. At night the front door is kept closed, but the sickly glimmer of a gas-jet within tells that the tired workers are not yet asleep.

Now and again a faint tapping will be heard on the door, which will be cautiously opened a short way, and a man's head will peer out. He is generally a foreigner—often a nigger—of powerful build. If he knows the visitor as an habitué, he lets him in. If not, the door is at once slammed to.

INSIDE THE NIGHT CLUB.

The basement below is fitted up after the fashion of a Parisian drinking-house of the lowest type. In one corner of the room is a zinc-covered bar, and dotted about are deal or marbled-topped tables where men and women sit drinking together. From time to time a couple will get up and disappear; but they do not leave the house.

Until a year or so ago, Lisle Street, a narrow thoroughfare running behind the north side of Leicester Square, possessed such an establishment; but the proprietor scented a raid, and disappeared in time. There is, however, little doubt that he is now installed again at no very great distance, probably in Greek Street—for not without reason has this thoroughfare been styled the worst street in London.

The night club is a distinct menace to young girls of the working-class whose work takes them in the direction of the West-End. Sweated girl coat-hands, hard-worked and underpaid little wretches starving in foreign dressmaking and millinery shops, are quietly accosted by the agents of night club proprietors and induced to visit the clubs as a means of adding to their slender incomes.

ASSASSINATION.

The majority of these clubs, however, recruit their lady members (who, of course, are admitted free) from the ranks of the unfortunates of the street; and this fact explains why so large a number of these wretched women meet their deaths at the hands of the assassin.

It is a dreadful but true fact that if a girl "knows too much" and shows signs of an inclination to make her knowledge public, some means will be found of silencing her.

The night club proprietor is generally the type of gentleman who will stick at nothing. During the last few years an appallingly large total of unfortunate women have been murdered, and it is a significant fact that almost every one of them was a woman who, to use the ordinary expression, "did the clubs."

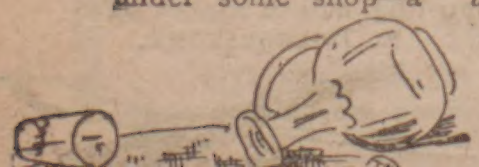
But this is not all. Such clubs as we have described, bad as they are, are not the worst kind to be found in the heart of London's West-End.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

In a narrow court not a hundred and fifty yards from Piccadilly Circus there is a night club which is visited by the worst type of debauchee. It is a subject which cannot be dealt with here, for the ghastly practices there carried on are so disgusting and nauseating that anything approaching a description of them would fill the reader with indignation and disgust.

In England we are wont to talk of the iniquities of Port Said and Marseilles, but most of us do so in blissful ignorance of the equally unspeakable abominations that exist in our own capital. What is needed to exterminate them is the direction of public—and therefore of police—attention upon them, and it is with that end in view that I have written for the most fearless of all publications this restrained account of London's night clubs.

E. D. WILLIAMS.



THE JOYOUS FIRST.

WHERE LIES ITS CHARM?

There's a charm in everything new. Do you remember that first momentous day when you were actually the owner of a horse?

You are in the Yeomanry and have been used to hiring gallant steeds at five bob a time from the local dealer—I nearly said swindler.

He's looked you over with the business eye, and one day he puts you on a steed that's evidently been fed on ginger just on your account.

Life! He's full of it. Route-marching through the city, with glittering helmet, manly appearance, you sat like a model Lifeguardsman—at least that's what you think—amongst a troop of mounted men with tossing plumes, glittering accoutrements, brown strong faces.

Ha! Here's a tram-car! Evidently that brute's not used to electricity—then great confusion, broken column, captain cursing under his chin-strap—and his chin being what it is there's plenty of room while you're doing Army manœuvres on your own round that tram-car.

At last, perspiring, heated, you've mastered that proud spirit, and you ride him past with his heels even now saucily lifting.

Well, he is a horse! None of your worn-out remounts about him. He's the real article.

"Ah, sir," says the straw-chewing and innocent owner, speaking strictly for your own good as you lead him in. "There's a hoss for you. Now my advice to a young man with a few pounds to invest—not to spend, sir, mind you—I say invest—my advice is: Buy that hoss," and he looks strangely angry at a listening ostler, whose face shows signs of painful contortion.

You buy him. He's yours; and as you think with pride of ownership when eyeing him over, you think what a lot can be had for £30, and perhaps the late owner is thinking the same, only he attaches a slightly more vulgar meaning to the word "had."

Three months later you've learned a bit. You eye that bargain with secret misgivings. But it's only when your pal in the line whistles sadly, that you feel like kicking yourself. "For that brute hasn't got guts enough in him to kick a hole in a pat of butter," as your true pal says.

Then your first dog! He comes as a little fluffy ball that stands and cocks wary ears at everything new in this strange world. He makes gallant attacks on your landlady's cat, who slaps him for what he is—a baby. He wags a little stump of a tail to you, the enemy, ere proceeding to murder one of your best slippers.

Then he grows up; and his honest brown eyes light up with delight at sight of you each evening. He's your pal in your lonely bachelor quarters. You tramp many a mile together, and come back tired, sometimes soaked, to laze away a wet evening before a huge fire, his brown eyes fixed dreamily on the red glow.

Thus years go by and one day you notice he's getting old and wheezy; your dog has had his day; his span of life is shorter than yours, and you bury him beneath a rose bush in the garden.

Weeks after, another eager spark of life leaps about, another pair of brown eyes gaze inquiringly on a world that's not so bad, but somehow it's a long time before you "collect on."

"The little, silly, peevish brute!" you exclaim. "I bet he's only half bred. Look at that tail! One of Sir Geoffrey's kennel dogs his sire? I don't think! That dog-dealer will lie on the Day of Judgment!"

He probably will, but that's only blood. You don't mean it. In your secret heart you are still true to your first love, your first dog.

P. HANSON.

THE STORY OF A MINOR REVOLUTION.

MR. WILMER'S DEGENERATION

By C. J. NEWTON.

I must admit that it was a very long time ago that Wilmer's was, strictly speaking, my stationer's—that is to say, the place where I bought a quire or so of notepaper and envelopes once per month.

Anyhow, on the day of which I write, I had looked in at my friend Wilmer's, the bookseller's, and he, peering with his fish-like eyes through his little gold-rimmed spectacles, had said:

"I've something very special to show you, sir. Something which is—er—quite new."

I looked at the obverse of an apparently very ordinary post-card, and wondered if it was the invisible-ink trick that he was going to exhibit. Then I saw that the post-card was strange because there was a line down the centre of it.

Wilmer turned it over. It was stranger, because on the reverse there was a view in colours of, I think, Rufford Abbey.

"*Picture* post-cards!" he said very impressively, showing a few as one does a hand of cards.

"Well, I wonder what they'll think of next," I said, admiringly.

I looked over the specimens he had offered for my inspection. It seems very strange to set down, in these picture-post-card-swamped days, that I was really quite a long time becoming thoroughly used to the novelty of them. It seemed odd to see on one side the usual little square marked "halfpenny stamp," and the words "Inland Post-card," in letters of the (then) prevailing post-office brown, for that side preserved a conservative demeanour with the exception of the dividing line. But on the reverse was—Revolution! A picture, a view—and, above all that was wonderful, a coloured view that was neither in the form of a hanging picture, nor a reproduction in the pages of an art periodical!

"I'm trying a few of 'em," said little Wilmer, "but they'll never last. People don't like to pay a penny each for a thing they can get at twenty-five a penny, and serve the purpose equally well."

I was more hopeful.

"I think," I said, "that they'll last for a little while if the publishers boom them."

"Pretty things, certainly, sir," said little Wilmer. "As you say, p'r'aps there'll be a sale for 'em for a bit—among the lower classes of the sort I sell the ha'penny comics to."

He shrugged his shoulders with superlative expression.

I could see that this innovation was not looked upon very benignly by the eminently respectable little Mr. Wilmer.

The eminently respectable Mr. Wilmer! How strange that sounds now, but writing that description of him my mind is carried back to the Mr. Wilmer that was.

He was a living bookworm. He was the embodiment of books and paper and stationery, stone bottles and blue-black ink. You could see by his spectacles that he supplied lawyers with law stationery: "The Last Will and Testament," "This Indenture Witneseth . . ." and such-like right and proper documents.

He was as musty as his library books and as respectable as parchment.

He had a circulating library which rigiously barred poor "Ouida" as not fit for the simple young ladies (who, in many instances, kept a paper that was pink under their pillows). The dowagers of the town, the charity-bazaar dowagers, the Dorcas Society dowagers—all of them venerated Mr. Wilmer within a shade as much as they did venerate the Vicar.

A little thought, as I was making a selection

of those wonderful novelties (caring not that I was placing myself, in Mr. Wilmer's eyes, on a plane with the buyer of ha'penny comics), that I was also assisting to take down the first stone that should finally end in the dilapidation of Mr. Wilmer.

Then the period ensued when picture post-cards became things of beauty and a joy for a little while. Mr. Wilmer's prophecy was altogether wrong, for even readers of the *Spectator* (that monument of English middle-class stolidity!) bought picture post-cards.

There was the picture post-card smile, and at one of the big musical comedy houses they were singing a song about the "Picture Post-card Girl."

The picture post-card was in vogue. Your fair sisters collected post-cards; other people's (fairer) sisters were devoted to the same hobby. It was quite "nice." When you loved a maiden truly and did not know what to say (all this with apologies to "The Toreador") you simply sent the girl a beautiful—picture post-card.

Mr. Wilmer, I remember, used his Sunday suit for week-days and bought a morning-coat and very correct grey trousers for Sundays.

Then—the picture post-card craze went the way of ping-pong, diabolo, limericks, and so on.

People were sick of the p.p.c. smile. They were sarcastic about it in song and rhyme. "Views" had long since been sneered at by the fair. (I remember a nice girl observing that if anyone sent her a view she *should tear it up.*)

Actors and actresses were the last to go, and when they made their exit, when people's collections were numbered by the so many dozen volumes, when the young men had been all but ruined, Providence stepped in and ordained a slump.

The superior few gave it up. It was the turn of the undistinguished many. It was for the Wilmers of this country to pander to their tastes.

Let me tell you of the manner of my particular Wilmer's foundering. You must imagine his shop window. It is not hard for me to call it to mind, for in the pre-picture-post-card days it was always the same.

There were files, a lot of ledgers with calf-bound backs, some of these marked "Day Book," "Ledger," "Accounts," "Petty Cash," and what not.

The most hilarious thing in that window was the advertisement for "Stickphast," pots of which kept sentinel around a dozen or so very respectable looking inkstands.

It was only a very small window. It was never big enough for the picture post-cards. . . . Mr. Wilmer scratched his head for two days, and on the third a shopfitter came and did the deed in double-quick time.

On the new shelves, the pots of "Stickphast," the files, the ledgers, the ink-pots, and the pen-wipers were set out again to no purpose whatever, as one could never see them through the long lines of picture-post-cards that ogled you as you passed along the quiet little street.

When the ogling picture post-cards went, Wilmer pandered. The traveller in what he called "the risky" lines was admitted to a conference. Let it be said to Wilmer's credit that he let you find those little bits of lewd Belgium by yourself at first.

You drew an actress out of the rack and there was the gutter-art of Paris and Berlin, of Ostend and the Rue St. Pol, just behind—ladies who had elected to go out in big hats, and very little else.

They were far more—but the gutter-artists had caught exactly the touch of suggestion that the Venus de Milo utterly lacks.

At first, I say, he let you find them yourself, but the little old man conquered his parchment face, which at the opening stages had pinked when he murmured something about up-to-date times, and having to keep on moving with them if you wanted to do any trade at all. (There were big profits in the "risky" p.p.c.'s. It was the old tale of the worship of the Golden Calf.)

Time went on, and I passed Mr. Wilmer frequently smoking a cheroot on the very threshold of his shop! Yes, smoking a cheroot—Mr. Wilmer—in business hours, too! It seemed incredible.

The dowagers passed, amazed. They had, they reiterated, never heard of such things in their lives. Their daughters did not pass. They walked into the circulating library, and demanded of Miss Florence Wilmer, something of Ouida's, of Zola's, of Alphonse Daudet's—and, at double the usual fee per volume, they got what they asked for, retiring to steep themselves in the invidious enjoyment of the forbidden ideas set out in printer's ink.

Miss Florence Wilmer went to the extent of assisting in the deception of the dowagers by covering the volumes in brown paper, and marking them "The Wild Ruthvens," "Cherry Ripe," "The Shadow of Ashlydat," &c., which was, of course, an insult to the foregoing standard works.

And to think that the once quiet Florence, who (in the words of the dowagers) "knew her position," should connive at this thing!

There came a day when Mr. Wilmer was summoned before the magistrates for exposing for sale indecent picture post-cards. That was when such a thing as a really "indecent" picture post-card had not been seen. As Mr. Wilmer said, the narrow-minded old fogies wanted to kick up a fuss just as if all the world didn't know that women wore, well, suspenders and things.

Mr. Wilmer was very indignant and won his case on appeal. His contention was that all the ladies were clothed. The higher court found it could not convict on such an abstract thing as insidious suggestion.

If, therefore, in these days, you happen to walk by Wilmer's, you will see not a glimpse of the ledgers, the pots of "Stickphast," the pen-wipers, and the inkstands, for they have long since been sold off at "ridiculous prices."

Above the window is a great sign, in such colours as yell out to the quiet street, the two words "Picture Post-cards!"

Yet, sometimes, when I pass the shop door and hear the young men, who are customers at Wilmer's, addressing Florence as "Flossie," I fall to wondering whether one day old Wilmer will have cause to regret that his window ever contained aught but the ledgers, the pots of "Stickphast," the pen-wipers, and the inkstands.

MASCULINE COOKERY

SOME RECIPES THAT A MAN CAN TACKLE FOR HIMSELF.

Cooking is generally supposed to be a woman's business, and the average man is content to leave it to her. But it is a great pity that this should be so. There are occasions when a man is faced with the necessity for having some knowledge of how to prepare his own meals.

The camper, for instance, cannot exist for ever on tinned food, and an occasional hot meal comes as an oasis in the desert.

The bachelor in digs., again, or the man who runs his own flat with the occasional assistance of a "char-lady," may often be glad to be able to turn out a few appetising dishes for himself, or to supplement the resources of his landlady when he wants to entertain a few friends.

The recipes given below may be useful in such circumstances. All are extremely easy to prepare, and the ingredients given are in most cases those which a bachelor can easily lay hands on. Beef-dripping, lard and similar aids to cooking are not always available except in a large household, so butter and other substitutes must take their place. The idea of frying in butter would not appeal to the thrifty housewife, but when only a small quantity is required it is the handiest thing to use.

The bachelor on reading such recipes as those given below is apt to say, "I haven't got such-and-such an ingredient or utensil, so it's no use my attempting it." This is a great mistake, for the man who is not an adept at finding make-shifts will never do much good in this world. It is impossible to give in a short space all the other things that will "do as well," but in most cases it will not need much ingenuity to find them.

* * *

HOW TO BOIL AN EGG.

It seems simple enough, but it is not every man that can make a success of it.

Half-fill a saucepan with water and put it on the fire until the water is actually boiling.

Put in about half a teaspoonful of salt, which will prevent the egg from cracking.

Put in the egg and leave it to boil for five minutes. At the end of this time the yolk will be not quite hard.

If you prefer the egg quite soft-boiled, three to four minutes will be sufficient.

* * *

POACHED EGGS.

Break the egg into a cup, cracking the shell on the rim and emptying the contents in carefully, so as to keep the yolk unbroken.

Pour some boiling water into a clean saucepan with a little vinegar (about a teaspoonful to a pint of water).

When this boils again, slip in the egg and keep the cup turned over it for half a minute so that the white may be kept compact.

As soon as the egg is put in, place the pan over a gentle fire, or turn down the gas slightly if you use a gas-ring, and keep the water just simmering till the white of the egg is set, when it is ready to be served.

From 2½ to 3½ minutes is the average time required for cooking.

* * *

EGGS AND BACON.

Put into a frying-pan enough butter, dripping or fat to cover the bottom when melted.

When the pan is hot and the butter steaming, put in the rashers of bacon.

Break the eggs separately into a cup, and drop them into the pan, covering them with the cup until the whites are set.

When the eggs and bacon are properly cooked, take them out of the pan and put them on a *hot* dish or plate.

Never fry eggs until the surface of the yolk is hard and browned.

* * *

SCRAMBLED EGGS.

Take eggs according to the quantity required—about three for two persons, or two for one person—and break them separately into a cup, to make sure that none are bad.

Turn them out into a saucepan containing about an ounce of butter to every two eggs. Add pepper and salt to taste.

Beat the mixture up with a fork. Hold the pan over the fire until the mixture sets, stirring it all the time.

Turn out of the saucepan on to pieces of toast.

If these have previously been spread with butter and anchovy paste, the result (which is known as a Scotch woodcock) is most appetising.

* * *

A HADDOCK "OMELETTE."

An excellent way of using up the remains of a dried or "Finnan" haddock is the following:

Put a teaspoonful of butter in a frying-pan or chafing-dish.

Pick all the fish from the bone, and put the flakes into the pan with a pinch of salt and a dust of pepper.

Heat it slightly and then break an egg into it.

Let it lie for one minute, and then gather it up and turn the whole over like an "omelette."

As soon as it can be lifted out whole, put the "omelette" on a hot plate, and eat it with bread and butter.

* * *

SARDINES ON TOAST.

Fry some narrow strips of bread in dripping, lard, or butter, and put them on a piece of paper to drain.

Put the sardines on a plate in the oven to heat.

Mix, in a small pan, one dessertspoonful of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of mustard and half a teaspoonful of butter.

Heat the mixture over the fire, stirring well, and then drop in the yolk of an egg. Add a pinch of salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper.

Put the sardines on the toast, and the sauce over the sardines, and heat the whole dish in the oven.

Ordinary buttered toast may take the place of the fried bread and the sauce may be omitted.

* * *

SAUSAGES AND TOMATOES.

This is a most easily-prepared and attractive breakfast dish which is especially useful for campers.

Place enough butter in the frying-pan to cover the bottom when melted, and put the pan on the stove or fire.

Put in the sausages as soon as the butter is melted, pricking them well with a fork to prevent their bursting.

Turn them at intervals to ensure their being well cooked on both sides.

While they are frying, slice some tomatoes and put them into the saucepan. They will not take so long to cook as the sausages.

Bacon may be fried in the same way with butter or lard.

* * *

STEAK AND ONIONS.

As the foundation for a solid meal there is nothing to beat steak and onions—except yourself, for you will find it advisable to beat the steak pretty vigorously with a wooden spoon or some such weapon, in order to make it tender before you cook it.

Get a good thick piece of steak. A thin, wafer-like one contains no nutriment and none of the juices which go to form the gravy.

When the steak is ready—and it needs no further preparation than the beating—make the frying pan and the butter or fat very hot, and put in the steak, together with an onion sliced up and dusted with flour. The flour makes it brown more quickly.

Brown both sides of the steak and then shift the pan to the side of the range, or turn down the stove and allow the meat to cook thoroughly.

Another method of cooking a steak, which makes it more tender, is to grill it over a clear fire, either on a gridiron or, failing anything better, on a toasting fork.

To stew steak, put it in a saucepan with a lid and add an onion cut small, a few thin slices of carrot, a teaspoonful of barley or rice, and a little salt.

Just cover it with water, and simmer or boil slowly for two hours or longer.

* * *

HOW TO COOK POTATOES.

Even the boiling of potatoes can be done rightly or wrongly.

Having washed them well, put them in an iron saucepan on the fire with enough cold water to cover them.

When the water begins to boil put in some salt and a cupful of cold water. This stops the boiling for a little and prevents the potato from bursting before it is cooked.

When you find, by means of a fork, that the potatoes are done, pour off the water and set the saucepan, without its lid, on the fire for a few moments.

* * *

SALAD.

The simplest plan is to order a fourpenny salad from a greengrocer. This generally consists of lettuce, and small quantities of cucumber, mustard and cress, beetroot, tomato, and watercress.

The leaves of the lettuce should be separated and put into cold water for at least an hour to make them crisp.

The cress must be thoroughly washed and the other ingredients cut into slices.

Slices of cold hard-boiled egg and of boiled new potato, when in season, are desirable additions.

* * *

SALAD DRESSING.

This should be mixed in the following order:

Salt and pepper, one tablespoonful of salad oil, one teaspoonful of vinegar.

The addition of mustard and sifted sugar is considered by many an improvement.

* * *

FRUIT SALAD.

This may be made from any fruit that happens to be in season, with the addition of some tinned fruit such as pineapple, pears, apricots, etc. Bananas, apples and oranges make the best "foundation" for a fruit salad.

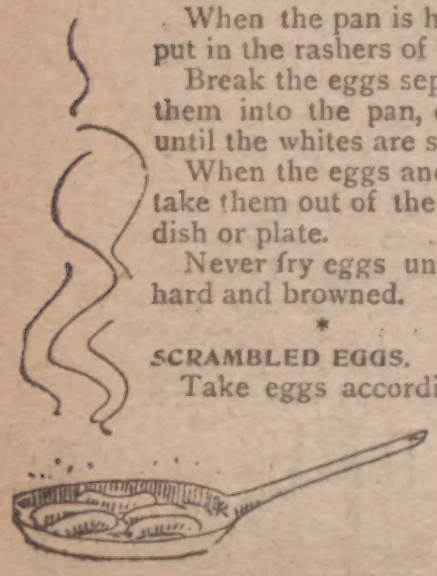
First prepare the syrup. Place six lumps of sugar and a teacupful of water in a small saucepan. Bring this to boiling point and then simmer (or boil slowly) until it becomes syrup.

Meanwhile pare and slice the fruit, and place this in a bowl, sprinkling it with sifted sugar.

Add to the syrup the juice of one or two oranges or the syrup of any tinned fruit that has been used. Add a few drops of maraschino, if available.

Pour the syrup over the fruit and let it stand for about twelve hours.

A. W. WOODS.



WHY CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING IS WORTH WHILE

OUR CLEANEST SPORT.

The strenuous work of the summer once over, athletes all over the country welcome with eagerness the coming of October 1, generally regarded as "opening day" for the cross-country season.

What a pleasure it is, after the strict régime necessary for successful racing on the track, once more to skim lightly over field and fallow, the fresh, keen air galvanising one's blood into renewed life! I am a lover of athleticism in all its branches, as every healthy-minded man should be, yet I confess the tension of the sprint, the exhaustion of the mile, the strained feeling which seems to pervade our sports meetings, possess not the fascination of an exhilarating spin across country, the indefinable charm, the purity and freedom of this splendid sport.

CLUB MEMBERSHIP INCREASING.

Confessing, at the outset, my love of cross-country running, may I also make the further observation that it is the finest exercise possible? Egotistical? Not a bit of it! Just ask a cross-country enthusiast the grandest sport on earth, and hear him wax eloquent! If you are interested, and as sportsmen I feel sure you are, let me just give you a few reasons why cross-country running so rapidly increases in favour, and club membership advances by leaps and bounds.

Of a surety it is impossible to imagine a sport more devoid of that spirit of "grab" which so often ruins keen and honest rivalry. For the most part runs are of a slow nature, interspersed for variety with a few paperchases, "hare and hounds," and inter-club contests. Handicaps are usually decided with a small medal as the chief award, and even in championships a man runs himself to a standstill for—a medal!

GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

The men are imbued with that feeling of *camaraderie* which spells success in everything, and the honour of helping their club to a higher notch in the championship table is as much, and more, to them than the finest ten-guinea "pot" they ever plodded for—a complex problem in human nature, no doubt, but experience proves its truth. The "twister" is instinctively ill at ease at a cross-country gathering, and it is generally this most undesirable individual who has no good word for the pastime or its votaries.

And who can refute the assertion that it is impossible to find an exercise more healthy, more exhilarating? As you swing along, the pure air filling your lungs and gladdening your heart, it is good, indeed, to feel the rippling muscles, elastic, responsive, and full of life. For running, like walking, will strengthen every part of the body without undue distortion, as is unfortunately the case with other exercises. After the run, a bath, and how fit and hungry we are, as we once more slip into our "togs!"

HOW IT AFFECTS VITAL QUESTIONS.

The fatal mistake with what I may term the interested shirkers, the "I'd-like-to-if-I-could-stick-it" variety, is that they imagine a run across country "one dem'd, long, horrid grind," and absolutely devoid of incident. Candidly, I thought so myself until I tried it; now I "enthuse" like a schoolboy with a new bicycle. Golf *looks* a silly game to me, but my golfing chums swear by it, so why should I *say* it's silly until I've tried it? This probably points a moral and adorns a tale, but no matter!

Absolute cleanliness in body and mind are characteristics of a cross-country runner. Let the young man given to excess gird up his loins as a harrier, and you will find the friendly rivalry, the desire to be one of the club's chosen few, will gradually cause him to curb his vices, and consider his bodily well-being with renewed interest. Once rivet a man's attention to his health, and that man insensibly endeavours to go one better

than his companions, which is the shortest possible road to success.

I have yet to meet a good cross-country runner who is not strictly moderate in all things. For similar reasons he considers his health before questionable pleasure, his outlook broadens, and he casts off any mouldy ideas which may cling like a burr to his imagination, stunting his intelligence and interest.

BEWARE OF THE "SPEED-MERCHANTS."

If I may enter such a controversial field I should like, too, to say the bookmaker finds but scant opportunity to exercise his unwelcome influence. Cross-country running undoubtedly furnishes the cleanest and straightest sport in every respect, and the absence of all desire for "roping" is only another point of the many in its favour.

Let me clearly state that I am not referring to cross-country racing. This is a trying business, and fits in more with my idea of work than recreation. Naturally the "speed-merchants" are catered for; they are usually the distance-runners on the flat, but it is absolutely unnecessary for anyone to commit suicide in a gasping effort to catch them.

Know your capabilities, remember your limit of energy, and also keep strictly on the right side of it upon all occasions. If you feel inclined to race, by all means do so, but such strenuous work should be strictly tabooed by anyone physically weak, especially from heart-affection, and by youths of tender age, whose constitutions are almost inevitably ruined by the enormous and unnatural strain.

THE CHEAPEST SPORT IN EXISTENCE.

The assertion that running weakens the heart, by the way, is, like other assertions of a similar nature, totally untrue. Moderate exercise of any description cannot but be beneficial in every way, and even the weaker man, provided he has the sanction of his medical adviser and keeps solely to slow runs, will be immediately sensible of a great improvement in his physical condition.

And what is the outlay, the expenditure necessary to enjoy this prince of sports? Club membership two or three shillings, and "toggery," which will last for years, another four or five! Or, even if you can't afford so much, rake out your old gymnasium clothing and use that. If you haven't a club in your district, which is very unlikely, get a few interested friends and start one of your own. Many of our famous clubs, I may even say most of them, have sprung up around a few pioneers who ran regularly together, gradually adding fresh members to their pack. Once a cross-country runner, always a cross-country runner, and you will soon ask your chum to have a shot at it, too!

RAYMOND BLADON
(Sparkhill Harriers).

BEFORE THE GREAT SHOOT.

CRITICAL DAYS IN THE KEEPER'S LIFE.

Living on the confines of a big estate, where villages are scattered and small, and where farming is a bad second to pheasant-culture, I have many opportunities for enjoying the pleasures of absolute solitude, and of watching the business of game preservation in its most scientific aspect.

Having made friends with the keeper, much in the same way as the town and suburb dweller makes friends with the policeman who is on the beat at night keeping watch over the little properties of the "small" people, I am often privileged to go "behind the scenes."

But I value the keeper's good will much more in that it gives me, within wide and quite reasonable limits, the run, as it were, of thousands of acres of land where not even the keeper's own son has any business to trespass.

I have many an argument with my friend the keeper on the subject of the destruction of other birds besides those that it is his business to preserve. Sometimes, I really believe that he suspects that I am right and he is wrong.

For instance, he has confessed to me more than once that the small creatures of the earth—the mice of many kinds, and the rats—have shown a tremendous increase during the last few years.

And when I have suggested that this increase has only arisen since he and his men waged such senseless war on owls, he has gone almost as far as to agree with me, and, in his heart, I know he thinks that he has done foolishly in destroying them.

But prejudice and custom die hard in rural districts, and one keeper in a dozen who dared to strike out an original line of preservation would run the risk of being shunned by his fellow-keepers in the countryside and of being shunted by his employer.

Unhappily, the employer nowadays is not a country man "born and bred." More often than otherwise, he is a town man who has taken to shooting in the same spirit that he has taken to lots of things he really doesn't understand.

He has done them because they are "the thing," and because they are one of the surest ways of getting into those circles of "country society"—awful term!—to which his increasing wealth enables him to aspire.

There are few country districts to-day where sport has not, unhappily, become a means of advertisement and advancement. And who can blame the true sportsman for shooting where the game is thickest?

It is now that the keeper's anxieties are heaviest and his work most delicate. For there is to be a great shooting-party in the course of a few days.

Since October 1, the entire game-preserving staff has been most active by day and night. So many things may happen to drive birds away, and thus the watch has been doubled by night and the work trebled by day.

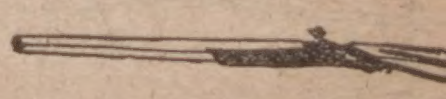
Not only his reputation, but a considerable sum in handsome tips depends upon how things go during the next week. If the birds are numerous and strong, and the guns have a good time, the keeper and his staff will pat themselves on the back and jingle gold in their pockets.

The coming of the great day overshadows the entire district. Beaters are being engaged and drilled and organised for their important work. Plans of campaign are being elaborated. And in the midst of it all the birds must not be disturbed.

There is joy in the keeper's heart as he hears a great to-do on the neighbouring estates. He knows that his own woods will be sought as a sanctuary by some of the birds that escape the guns of the party a few miles away. And while he delights to hear the distant shots, he takes care that none disturb his own preserves.

Not a suggestion of the coming storm of shot is given during the few days preceding it, and as his covers grow thicker and thicker with game, the keeper chuckles with legitimate pride, and feels that the great shoot is destined to be a success.

F. WESTON.



The Irritation of Sport.

Golf, that gadfly game
That maddens even the most tame!
THE EARL OF WEMYSS.

While a rank duffer at them all, I can claim experience of most games. Indeed, I think that tennis—that is, the tennis of the tambour and dedans—is the only important game that I have not attempted to shine at—with conspicuous failure.

Memory takes me back to a gadfly game of my boyhood called "spillikins." You heaped up a pile of wooden splinters and then, using another splinter with a curved end, tried to remove them one at a time without disturbing the others. If any of the heap moved, ever so slightly, during the process of removal, then you were "out" and the other fellow was "in."

WORSE THAN THE REAL THING.

Then there was "fish ponds." In this a number of wooden bell-shaped objects, each with an eye on the top, were placed on the table, and armed with rod, line, and hook you fished for them simultaneously. The "fish" had different values marked on the bottom, and you never knew whether you were catching a whale or a sprat. It was a most irritating game, for you were very apt to strike too soon and see your prize topple off ere you could land him.

Years afterwards some of us were weather-bound in the country, when I bethought myself of "fish ponds." A set was procured from London and we spent many days gambling on it. "Gadfly" would have been a milk-and-water description of my opinion of "fish ponds" by the time the weather had cleared.

Some card games try the temper severely. There is, for example, "patience," which is a most fertile source of impatience.

A CHINESE DEFINITION.

Then there is picquet, an annoying game, more especially when, being "elder hand," you want ten to save the rubicon and fail to make them.

Among other indoor pastimes, backgammon (an excellent game, by the way, if you don't know it) would often try the temper of a saint.

Turning to great games, billiards is a veritable gadfly to the average amateur.

The Chinese marker was no bad judge when he gave this terse description of billiards: "Two men walkee lound table, one sayee 'dam,' other sayee hallee lines."

At billiards, the average player is ever pursuing a will o' the wisp of success, finding good form for a few minutes, then losing it for weeks, bringing off a brilliant shot, only at the next attempt to miss the softest of "sitters."

And the better you try to play billiards, the greater are your trials. It is when you play for position that every winning or losing hazard just catches the corner of the pocket and stops outside, that cannons are missed by the merest shade, that "kisses" intervene to make hay of the desired position.

WHY DIABOLO VANISHED.

Slog the balls blindly round the table and they will often come together again, but try for position when you have the three balls together and cannot possibly miss the cannon, and in the most devilish way they will run into a straight line after the cannon or get hopelessly separated.

This strong language reminds me of the short-lived diabolo.

While the craze was on, an enemy presented me with a boxwood diabolo weighing about half a pound. After I had caught it once on my head, twice on my funny bone, and once on my knee-cap, I threw the accursed thing far, far away.

Badminton is rather an annoying kind of game. At most ball games you can relieve your overstrained feelings by slamming viciously at the ball, but at Badminton, classing it for the nonce as a ball game, you are only likely to rick yourself if you slam at the elusive and more or less impalpable shuttlecock.

GETTING YOUR OWN BACK.

Cricket, of course, has many moments of exasperation, and football can be uncommonly trying to the temper; hockey and lacrosse bring you plenty of hard and anger-breeding knocks, and so does polo. But at all these strenuous games you usually have a chance of getting a bit of your own back. The enemy is human. It is in the quieter games that the gadfly element is strongest. Bowls and its winter brother, curling—I hope followers of the "roaring game" will not mind my calling it "quiet"—are both character-testing games, and croquet has most of the exasperations of billiards.

Archery breeds many bad words, and lawn tennis can make you rue the day you were born, but, of all outdoor games, golf is the gadfly of gadflies.

THE WORST OF ALL.

It is even worse than billiards. It would take a fat book to set forth in full its various vexations, but to mention just a few, there are driving, or rather mis-driving, a new half-a-crown ball into a pine forest (my fate yesterday), missing short putts, finding a long, straight drive trapped in a cup, seeing a good approach kick into a bunker, heather, furze, whins, trees, reeds, water, stone walls, and, above all, the sickening feeling of impotence, the impossibility of satisfactorily taking it out of the impish ball, the painful knowledge that the game is your master.

Most gadfly games are passive games—in other words, you do not try to strike a moving object, but a stationary one. It ought to be easy to hit a still ball, but it isn't; that is what makes you mad.

Nevertheless, gadfly games are popular, I presume for the same reason that the "pigs in clover" puzzle made a fortune for its inventor.

They arouse combativeness, even more than violent games like football, where, indeed, the fighting instinct must be restrained. They look so easy, and they are so beastly difficult. ings among the knee-high heather which sur-

Now, I am going out to resume my burrow-round the links. J. G. HAYWARD.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROLLING STONE.

VI.—CECIL RHODES AS I KNEW HIM.

I met Cecil Rhodes at an interesting crisis in his life, just after, to use his own words, his "apple-cart had been upset" by the Jameson Raid.

When the Matabele Rebellion broke out, Rhodes went up to Bulawayo, and that was a plucky thing to do. The Rhodesians were pretty mad against him. The Raid had precipitated the native rising, for it denuded the country of police, and gave the Matabele their chance.

Rightly or wrongly, it was felt that the blood of the murdered settler was on Rhodes's head, for everyone believed that he was at the bottom of the Raid.

Then, with rinderpest and other plagues, the colonists had been having a rough time of it. Rhodesia had not turned out the Eldorado promised.

For one reason and another, men murmured against Rhodes, until he came. Then they changed their tune and licked his boots.

Rhodes came out to our camp near the Matoppos. He arrived late one night, and by chance directed him to my camp fire until his own was ready. He seemed greatly interested to find me reading a book, and expressed approval, saying a young man could not read too much. I had to confess that the book was a novel, whereupon he said that did not matter, if it were a good one.

I saw much of him after this, often sharing his simple, if hearty meals—Rhodes was a good trencherman—and riding about with him.

Rhodes was a brave man. Although he carried no weapon save a riding switch, he took part in all our fights, and time after time a Matabele bullet might have shattered that splendid brain. Without running foolish risks he daily chanced his life.

I remember waking up one morning to see Rhodes looking out from the flap of the covered cart where he slept. His great red face was turned towards the rising sun. I wondered was he planning new schemes, dreaming great and practical ideas.

Then the maker of Empire spoke, and what he said was: "Boy, where the h-ll is the coffee?" Rhodes could use "language" and was easily put out by small matters.

He was a human man. Although anything but a *gourmet*, he was fond of the table, and had a predilection for bottled stout, sometimes mixing it with brandy or champagne.

Nominally, Rhodes had no position in Matabeleland. Earl Grey was Governor, Sir Frederick Carrington was in command of the troops, and Sir Richard Martin was Special Commissioner. In theory Rhodes was nobody, in practice he was "boss."

It was he who brought the war to an end by going into the Matoppos and talking the rebellious chiefs into submission.

Rhodes could never be second anywhere. Broken, discredited, with impeachment hanging over him, he was still supreme, undaunted and masterful.

When Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor-General, moved by Exeter Hall clamour, stood up word that Baden-Powell was to be placed under arrest for having shot some rebel murderers without trial, it was Rhodes who saw a way out of the difficulty.

"B.-P." was then operating in Mashonaland, and to recall him would have been disastrous. Still, orders were orders, and a messenger was dispatched to find "B.-P." Rhodes had a little talk with the messenger before he left. The result was that the messenger, stupid fellow, lost his way, and by the time he did find "B.-P." his work was done, and the order for arrest had been withdrawn. C. G. BULKSLEY.

OMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE PRICE OF THOMAS CASHMERE

By J. F. JAMESON.

I.

n these days when, in the ld of mimes, a slight nce often gives the open- to the narrow path of Fame, it is possible me to think that, after all, Tommy Cash- e only emulated other giants of the past pursuing the elusive Lady on sight, and er stopping until he caught her. With that pursuit we are not concerned. theatrical papers and the personal pars e chronicled that so many times. But, er, it is the mission of my pen to write of manner which first of all gained Tommy influence which in turn made a chance for

When one remembers that Thomas Cash- e had a father who was particularly ndly with an actor-manager, it seems that ought to have been easy. But you must ys take into account that few fathers— cially when they are themselves good esmen—are likely to credit their sons with artistic powers sufficiently pronounced to rd them such remunerative payment for r time as good, honest, and flourishing e.

his tale is of how Tommy Cashmere con- ed his father (who held the Influence) of undoubted histrionic powers—under iliar circumstances.

fter these happenings, one Hickson, an r-manager, got hold of Tommy and it was that his successful pursuit of the elusive dess started—with which we are, I repeat, concerned.

r. Thomas Cashmere, senior, was a florid- d classic decorator and builder, as a er of fact, a self-made man who was a el to the quasi-suburban little township, y miles out of London, in which he d. You may figure this excellent Mr. mere as a monument of English re- tability, commanding much local trade in classic decorating line because of this ity. In addition, he was possessed of a n branch, the rich and great who had big try houses in the district, having seen fit mploy his skill in the decoration of their ns in the West-End of London.

r. Cashmere had had to perspire pretty ly in the early period of his existence in world of trade, and his contention was seeing that he had so far advanced by work, the same treatment was likely to beneficial to his only son. He rightly eved that hard work would keep him out ars, off billiard tables, and away from the bathed paddocks of "quiet" race meetings e sharps emulate the barman act by clean- out the mugs.

short, Mr. Cashmere, senior, was a leman who, in the language of the streets, ew something."

Business?" he would say to Tommy. "I a slave to it even now. Look at the week I spend away from home. Belfast, lin, Manchester—all over the shop, getting ideas, new designs, new everything. ve got to keep new, Tommy. You'll stay ome for the present, and, providing I find a steady young fellow, I shall act hand- ely by you. I'll one day make you manager he London Branch!"

hus, Tommy worked in the home office as his father's vice-admiral, held sway perhaps, two hundred men in the season Society was at Cairo or on the Riviera, their town houses were being overhauled. although he lacked his father's business n, all went well until Tommy joined the Amateur Dramatic Society, and found in elf a long smothered talent for the na.

rom a walking-on-combined-with-an-under- ying part, he got his chance when the principal fell indisposed—and the next night those that were not turned away clamoured for Tommy in his part. . . . All this led to his seeing life.

And he liked it. I met him one night seeing several lives and probably treble most things.

When I saw him again, he had the sum of five pounds, the hopes of the family that he would improve, and an order not to show his face inside his father's house until he had, of his own industry and totally without further financial aid, got a billet at not less than one pound per week, which he must have held for at least three months to qualify his re-appearance.

"Guv'nor says," he told me, "that any able-bodied young man with grit in him can get a living. I've got a fiver to tide over—and where shall I go?"

Tommy was ever a cheerful soul.

"What's your idea then?" I asked him. "The Stage?"

"No"—gruffly.

"Tried Hickson?" (Hickson was an influential theatrical manager who lived in one of Cashmere, senior's houses, and was "a friend of the family" in addition.)

"Yes. I tried Hickson," said Tommy darkly. "He didn't see me in 'Liberty Hall,' but I gave him excerpts in his drawing-room this afternoon. (Felt beastly nervous, too!) Everything went wrong. Anyway the Guv'nor seems to have set him against me and I suppose I really am a good-for-nothing as the Guv'nor says."

"I beg to differ," I said. "Substitute one-thing for nothing."

"What's that?" he asked.

I was content to trust my own judgment. "Acting," I said, "in spite of Hickson!"

(Looking back it seems strange that I had to tell *that* to Tommy Cashmere!)

"You haven't told me where to go," he said.

"When in doubt play London Bridge," I laughed.

"It's often equal to a spade call," he said. "But London be it."

"I am going myself to-night," I said, "by the six-forty."

"Right. We shall have a clear way. I don't want to meet the Guv'nor until I *can* show him that I can do something for myself!"

"'Ooray. Heroically spoken!" said I. "But what do you mean, Horatio?"

"Guv'nor's going to Manchester by the six," he explained. "Au Revoir until the six-forty."

And he left me.

Now it chanced that on my way to the station, I met Hickson, who, locally, had for his boon companion Mr. Cashmere, senior.

"Hullo," I said. "Hard luck about young Cashmere isn't it. But I suppose he deserves it, eh?"

I was trying to draw him as skilfully as I might.

He looked at me, slyly.

"Very likely," he said. "I think the same about the matter as you do, eh?"

He was a cute man—little Hickson.

In those words I had gained all I wanted in the way of information.

The matter upon which I was so fortunate as to think the same as Mr. Hickson had much to do with Mr. Cashmere's week-end business trips, combined with his instant throwing over of his son on the first sign of a taste for "life" becoming apparent.

Could it be that that excellent business man, Mr. Thomas Cashmere, senior, had realised that it was unnecessary for the two heads of one firm to be playing at the very same game?

II.

That night is one that is likely to stand out in my memory for more things than one.

You figure two young men, one of whom was making inroads on his last fiver, arguing outside the Tivoli, as to whether three shillings or five shall be wasted on entrance. You see them finally enter, walking down to the green stalls, while Wilkie Bard is yet holding the stage. Of course, the stalls are packed so that they have to stand. Wilkie Bard goes, and then during an acrobatic turn which does not call for much attention, a look of surprise suffuses the very plain countenance of one of those young men—the one who has been hastily scanning the upper boxes (being a student of all types of Beauty).

The other looks on at the show, blissfully unconscious.

It was because I had seen Mr. Cashmere, senior (that Cashmere, senior, who should have been getting new ideas in Manchester!), in the upper box that I said nothing to the Exiled One.

I wanted to think. I wanted to compare Cashmere, senior's decorative designing mind with the young lady so evidently of advanced ideas who sat with him in the box. I tried to think that she was a lady designer of wall-papers—exclusive patterns such as adorn naught but the houses of the rich. I wanted to make her out a niece or something.

But—there is too much light in the Tivoli.

I was careful to keep Tommy's attention fixed as closely as possible on the stage.

A very little while later we found ourselves outside, and there arose the discussion anent a choice of hotels.

It was then that Tommy had a brilliant idea.

"I know," he said. "You don't mind getting your own supper ready, I suppose, and you aren't averse to a bit of burglary?"

"Explain," said I.

"Why—of course, the town office is closed now. (You know, we do a lot of work for gilded millionaires around Park Lane *out* of season.) But there's a ripping little flat over the office, which the Guv'nor uses during the busy season. We'll sleep there and save the brass."

Nothing would alter Tommy's decision, and—although I had fears, I could not very well explain them. Also, on second thoughts, there appeared to me a chance for the re-instatement of Tommy.

Accordingly, twelve o'clock found us (myself in charge of various provisions, including some savoury-smelling fried fish, which, however, did not improve the appearance of my clothes) at the office in Red Street.

I remember that Tommy proved himself a skilful burglar, and with a pen-knife easily slipped back a catch in the window.

"If I'd had sense, I'd have bagged one of the keys. There are two," he said. "One

is for the mater's use—but she never comes to town now."

We were in the midst of "supper" when we heard some fumbling with the lock of the downstair office.

"Good Lord!" said Tommy putting down his knife and fork. "Burglars!"

"Don't be so senseless. There's nothing for 'em to steal here. Give 'em credit for a bit of sense."

"Well—who is it?"

"Put out the light," I advised him. "It's not visible to the front."

Tommy switched it off swiftly and I followed him on tip-toe into an ante-room. I noticed that his fists were clenched.

"Unnecessary," I whispered, smiling in the darkness.

I heard the rustle as of a silk dress coming upstairs. . . . And then the light in the big room was switched on.

Tommy peered through the keyhole.

"Good Lord, man. My mother!" he hissed under his breath. "We're cornered!"

But it was then I knew that it was Mr. Thomas Cashmere, senior, who was cornered, and I fell to wondering how long it would be ere that downstair door were opened again by the gentleman who had gone to look at exclusive designs in Manchester.

Mrs. Cashmere looked round at the remains of our supper.

I heard her say concisely: "I wonder if they will come back."

Her face was white. She sat down and read a note she drew from her corsage aloud.

"*Dearest Tom. To-night: eight at Tivoli if possible. If not*, 12.30 *Red Street flat. Fifine.*"

The situation was only too easy of understanding, except that Mr. Cashmere, senior, should be so careless with his *billets doux*. By my side, Tommy listened, amazed. I drew him to a corner of the room and explained hastily.

"It's *here*," I concluded, "that you'll have to act."

"But how?" he asked, bewildered.

"Your name's Tom, too." I examined my watch by the moon's rays that beamed through a little window. "The Guv'nor and—Fifine—may drive up any minute," I added.

"Well, there's only one chance," said Tommy, and he looked towards the window.

Luckily it went up easily and noiselessly, and the last thing I saw was Tommy's hand clutching the drain-pipe, and finally he dropped into the backyard.

He had gone to intercept his father and take his burden—of Beauty—on himself.

Presently came the sound of a taxi-cab at the door—and a pause of some two minutes.

After that, I heard the latch lifted and the footsteps of two people coming up the stairs, one a lady . . . .

I saw the stately Mrs. Cashmere rise. I could see that she had steeled herself to face the situation with dignity. Then I heard the sound of a caress even as the door opened.

It was Tommy who entered with Fifine.

With ultra-courtliness, Tommy helped the lady off with her wrap—both apparently unconscious of the presence of Mrs. Cashmere.

Then Tommy turned.

"Mother!" he exclaimed tensely, in the very acme of complete surprise.

I watched. I saw the lips of the stately lady shape two words. . . . It seemed—perhaps because it is excusable for youth to go forth sowing its wild oats—that they were: "Thank God."

In silent explanation she handed him the note, and without a word walked out.

"Well?" I said, opening the door and addressing Tommy.

Tommy waited for the downstair door to close.

"I've saved the Guv'nor," he said. "But—he sighed deeply—the price is a heavy one."

WASHING

Water, air and cleanliness are the chief articles in my pharmacopœia.—Napoleon.

"He looks so clean—as if he washed even behind the ears," was the appreciative remark I once heard passed by a lady on a friend of mine, while of another I remember that we used to say that nobody ever *was* so clean as he *looked*.

It is a gift, this noticeable cleanness, that we cannot all possess. It is largely a matter of complexion.

But any man can be clean in actual fact if he will only take the trouble to wash not only regularly but rationally.

Many men who would be very considerably annoyed if you suggested that they were dirty and who wash with the greatest regularity, do so from force of habit in such a perfunctory fashion that they are never really clean.

Many of us in the days of our youth have been unmercifully chaffed at school when a "high-water mark" was detected on our necks.

In those days, perhaps, our washing consisted in running a soapy hand once or twice round the neck and then sponging *some* of the soap off again. The result, naturally, was a black line of demarcation between the washed and unwashed areas.

The great secret of washing is that all the soap should be sponged off again.

Many men make a really good wash an impossibility by putting on too many garments before indulging in it. The sensible man is stripped to the waist.

At the same time, the extent of the matutinal wash can be exaggerated. There are men who never wash their face without putting their whole head in water. Almost invariably they suffer for it in later years, for their hair becomes so dry that it falls out prematurely.

There is an old proverb, "Wash your hands often, your feet seldom, and your head never." To observe that literally would be going rather too far, but there is a deal of sense in it.

The object of the morning bath is often to promote the circulation and freshen a man up for the labours of the day; with this end in view a cold one will be most effective. But the object of washing is cleanliness, and, hot water should be used whenever possible.

The cold water crank thinks that he shows his hardihood by never using hot water, but if he would wash in water as hot as he could bear it—hot enough to open and cleanse the pores of the skin—he would be a cleaner man.

It is not until a man has been forced by circumstances to go unwashed for a period—as, for instance, the soldier is not infrequently obliged to do—that he comes to look on washing as one of the luxuries of life and not as one of its unpleasant necessities.

John Gervaise.

ECHOES OF GREAT FIGHTS

IV.—CHARLIE MITCHELL v. JOHN SULLIVAN.

The recent contest between Jeffries and Johnson excited much interest in this country, but nothing comparable with that aroused by the battle between Charles Watson Mitchell, champion of England, and John Lawrence Sullivan, champion of America.

Mitchell was the personal idol of the British sporting public, known to all, but Sullivan was something of a legendary hero, none had seen him on this side, and when he arrived in England to meet Mitchell he met with an almost royal reception.

Naturally, the fight being with the bare knuckles, it could not be brought off in England. Indeed, the police made quite sure of that by arresting Mitchell, only releasing him on the undertaking that he would attempt no breach of the peace here.

Chantilly, France, was then the scene of the encounter, and the date, March 10, 1888.

The "articles of war" provided for a fight to a finish, for £500 a side, and a 24ft ring.

Herculean of shoulder, arm, and neck, John L. wore the famous scowl, which had beaten many a man before a blow was struck.

Mitchell, by far the lighter man, and gracefully proportioned, looked the embodiment of careless good humour.

John knocked Charlie down in the first round, but the triumph was more apparent than real, for the lighter man swerved away from the ponderous fist as it reached him, and went down practically of his own accord.

And so it was all through the long thirty-nine rounds. John's mighty blows never really reached their target. They were stopped, guarded, or dodged.

The spectators had come expecting this, for Mitchell was a great scientist, but when he made the British section yell, and the American contingent bite their nails, was the surprising sight of the (comparatively) little man pasting the big 'un right and left.

First blood was claimed for Mitchell in the eighth round, for when Joe came up to time the dark blood was seen to be oozing from his left ear.

The tenth round found the giant practically badly battered, the "little 'un" practically untouched save for a bunged-up eye.

Rain began to fall heavily, and the men slipped and floundered about. "John L." seconds had brought a big black bottle to them, and at the close of the sixteenth round "John L." drained it.

It was brandy, and it put such vigour into him that, in the next round, Charlie thought it prudent to go down after a few seconds.

The rain grew worse and worse, and the merest fight became rather farcical, the merest touch sufficing to send either man down. Occasionally Sullivan tried to finish matters with a mad-bull rush, but he soon found that these tactics did not pay.

In the thirty-ninth round, Jack Ashton, Sullivan's second, called out, "Make it a draw." Still on guard, the two prize-fighters conferred, and a second later shook hands.

A few minutes later they were arrested by gendarmes and thrown into prison. They were released next day on bail, which they promptly broke, escaping safely to London.

A great boxer, Charlie Mitchell, but like most of his calling he went into the ring once too often. In January, 1894, when he met James J. Corbett at Jacksonville, he was knocked out in three rounds.

A bit fond of boasting, but a good chap at heart, "John L." He took his virgin defeat at Mitchell's hands in the best possible spirit, and always admitted that Charlie was as good, game, and clean a fighter as he ever met.

H. B. Farnie

TERRITORIAL OFFICERS WHO GO UNDER

EXPLANATION OF THE INCREASING NUMBER OF RESIGNATIONS.

Each year on the completion of the annual ...orial training, one reads that a consider... number of Territorial officers have re... their commissions. This year the ...er has been heavier than usual, and it ...be still further added to—probably more ...doubled—when the actual work of the ...ing season begins in November.

...ere are many men who have made up ... minds to resign their commissions, but ... put off the pain of doing so until ... possible moment; their names will be ...d to the list of resignations within the ... few weeks.

...ME ALMOST AT ONCE.

...worth observing that the majority of ...ns are those of subalterns. The fact ...nt in more ways than one.

...rtly after joining, an officer receives a ... from the War Office towards the ... his uniforms. This grant does not, of ..., meet the total cost, for his complete ...orms cost a Territorial officer from £35 to ..., according to the corps in which he ...

... serves for three years and then re... does not have to return to the War ...any part of this £20 grant; if he serves ... years, he has to return one-third of it; ...erves for one year, he has to return ...rds of it; but if he resigns practically ...tely after joining, he has, of course, to ... the whole of the £20 grant—if he has ...d it so soon.

... average subaltern, therefore, who re... ... early after having received his com... ... is writing off as a loss the cost of ...forms.

...ED ENTHUSIASM.

... may reasonably take it that he was ... ... about soldiering before he in... ... the expense attaching to it; it is ...ble also to suppose that, when incurring ...pense, he bore in mind the £20 grant ... War Office would make to him. ...then, does he take all these expenses ... his own shoulders by throwing down his ...ers, and ceasing to be a soldier?

...he causes of resignations are various, and ... upon the individual.

... first place, there are many men who ...olutely unsuited to undergo discipline ... description. I do not suggest for a ...ent that these men are self-indulgent, or ... character that is unfitted to abide by law ...der—for the most part, they are simply ... rather too strong a character for the ... position they have chosen.

... infrequently, the Territorial officer is a ...made man, and in these days the making ...ven a moderate competence off one's own ... ...es a more emphatic and definite ... than the average.

...S AND INSULTS.

...en a man of this description finds him... ...obliged to take orders from other people, ...es not resent it. Accustomed to com... ... connection with his business, he is ... ready to take commands in the mili... ... upon which he has entered.

... however, he finds that the orders ... has to obey are unintelligent. In ... business he thinks out an order before ... it, and he is careful not to cause ...ary inconvenience to those to whom ...r is given. In the Territorial Army, ..., he discovers too often that the tasks ... are unnecessarily trying and even ...sable. Accustomed to more business-like methods, he finds here a just cause for resentment and even for disgust.

Courtesy, it has been said, is the oil which lubricates the wheels of business life, but the courtesy it has been his habit to extend to those with whom he comes into contact in commerce is by no means always vouchsafed to him while he is carrying out the duties of a subaltern.

BREACHES OF MILITARY ETIQUETTE.

He knows that military etiquette differs considerably from civilian etiquette, and, probably being more or less enthusiastic and judicious, he makes himself acquainted with the rules of military behaviour early in his career as a soldier.

One of the first rules with which he becomes acquainted is that in which it is laid down that no officer shall correct or reprove a junior officer before his men. This rule is a sensible one, but frequently it is disregarded by the Territorial adjutant, who takes some pleasure in making the young subaltern appear as foolish to his men as he certainly does to himself.

The subaltern has, with the very fact of his joining, expressed his willingness to serve his country, but the personal pride which has been such an asset in his private life refuses to undergo such unnecessary and arbitrary humiliation.

TYRANNY OF ADJUTANTS.

Some time ago an article appeared in THE MODERN MAN dealing with the tyranny of the Territorial adjutant, but I do not think that in it the just and reasonable charge was brought against him of driving from the Territorial Force many brilliant young officers whose success in civilian life would fit them in every way to make the Territorial Force that success which it certainly is not at present.

The sensible man, on becoming a Territorial, makes up his mind that in many respects it will be necessary to adapt his own particular habits and desires in order that they shall correspond with those of the men about him.

For instance, it is the habit in most regiments for the officers to go to bed not earlier than midnight and to be up again shortly after five next morning. Five hours' sleep is not enough for the average man, and the subaltern who is unadaptable and who is determined to carry out his usual mode of life in the matter of sleep, retires from the mess at ten o'clock and goes to his tent. His absence is noted by some of the wilder spirits, and the sleeper is fetched to the mess tent in his pyjamas, and probably also on his bed.

No harm is meant, and in most cases no offence is taken, but there are some officers to whom such an adventure is absolutely intolerable, and their resignation immediately follows. In most cases such men are well lost.

In the first place, they lack common-sense in not adapting themselves to the conditions existing in their new life, and in the second place they are bad-tempered, for otherwise they would have taken a bit of fun as such.

I remember the case of one young subaltern who was dragged from his bed in this way, and court-martialled in the ante-room.

ENTERING INTO THE SPIRIT OF IT.

The captain who acted as president of the court-martial was more than half "in his cups." He had a glass of whisky-and-soda beside him, and every time he looked down to make notes concerning the trial, the prisoner helped himself to a draught of the whisky-and-soda.

This showed that the subaltern was entering into the fun of the occasion, and the episode made him very much more popular than he had ever been before. It is needless to say that his name did not figure in the list of resignations.

Another man who goes under as a Territorial officer is he whose health and physical condition are not equal to military service.

When you enlist as a private or a trooper, you undergo a very severe and strict medical examination, but all that is required when you apply for a commission is a doctor's certificate that you are physically fit for military service. In some cases it would have been well for the applicant if he had requested his doctor to "put him through it" instead of letting him down so lightly, for if an officer is not physically fit he will find even a few days of camp absolutely exhausting.

THE NEED FOR PLUCK.

Perhaps it would be well if it were possible to have some examination of a man's mind and character as well as of his body, before he was permitted to become a soldier. There are some men who, though perfectly fit physically, lack the necessary amount of pluck. During manœuvres, for example, when there is firing with blank cartridge, they are in a tremor of fear lest by some extraordinary chance one of the rounds will be a live one, and will find a billet in their body. Advancing at the gallop also fills them with dread, lest their horse should stumble.

Military life is, in short, a constant burden and cause of fear to such men, and at the earliest possible moment they resign.

There are other officers who do not resign, but whose resignation is eagerly desired by everyone else in the regiment. They are the men who appear to have neither the necessary brain power for passing examinations and getting promotion, nor the necessary amount of common sense to prevent them from making themselves unpleasant to their fellow-officers and to the men under them. They are the sort of men who, in active service, would be shot in the back by their own people; but they never resign.

They are thick-skinned, and insults drop from them like rain from a mackintosh. They put in more drills than most people, and thus they save themselves from being dismissed from the Force. They are absolute failures as Territorial officers, but they remain in the Force, while better men give it up.

LEAVING IT ALL BEHIND.

As will be seen from the instances given above, the reason for resignation is sometimes the tyranny and discourtesy of those who occupy positions of importance, and in other cases it is entirely owing to the unsuitability of the officer himself.

In the latter case, he surely expiates his offence by the very fact of resignation, for it cannot be an easy thing for a man who has once been a soldier to leave the military life behind him, and to cease to have the right of wearing His Majesty's uniform.

R.R.M.

THE VETERANS

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

By SIDNEY NORTH.

In our village of Kingshorton, tucked away snugly enough in the heart of Kent, you must not think that we are without our sport.

We do not forget that we are the champions of cricket, and although by some mischance none of our own home-bred men actually figure in the Kent eleven, yet we know that Farmer Hoffer was once "all but good enough" to play for the county, because he told us so himself. Worplesdon of the Lone Barn may sit and smoke the pipe of sarcasm as if it were not entirely true. He may say that Farmer Hoffer was as near playing for Kent as that bowl which is so far from the white jack on the green that it is out of play, yet it is merely because *he* heard the addition of "when all the other cricket players in Kent are dead" to the Kentish captain's opening sentence of "You'll be playing for Kent some day, Mr. Hoffer——."

This remark came from the Kentish captain, who, chancing to be in Kingshorton, saw Hoffer sky a lob, in the days of his youth. It is a strange thing, but Hoffer himself did not hear the addition of "when all the other cricket players in Kent are dead," and the remark was addressed to him, too! Besides, to this day, Farmer Hoffer's hearing is rather better than Worplesdon's, so what need we of further witness?

At the beginning of the season the veterans leave cricket to the younger generation because they have the more serious game of bowls to attend to, and a reproduction of the historic picture, wherein Sir Francis Drake gallantly observes that they can finish the game and beat the Armada afterwards, hangs in the club-house amid an atmosphere of linseed oil with which the bowls are treated after every game. The "woods" in Sir Francis's time may have been different, but the spirit of sport was there all the same.

One never knows the true fascination of bowls until one has tried it on our village green—a secluded nook where one may throw one's losing bowl in utter peace and then walk up and criticise the skill of the other players. Yet even this must not be done with levity.

Farmer Hoffer, mindful of Worplesdon's slur anent the proximity of his inclusion in a byegone Kentish eleven, is tempted to be gleeful when he manages to knock his old opponent's bowl out and, in addition, to lie well with his own, but what he says about it he says between the puffs of good tobacco.

That, of all others, is the way to criticise without becoming raucous—as you would find were you to be accorded the honour of inclusion in a veterans' four-handed game on the green of the "Queen's Head" at Kingshorton.

They say some pointed things. They are flushed with victory or galled by defeat; but all is covered with the mantle of quiet dignity suitable to England's oldest game, played in one of its most venerable villages.

But it is from this collection of mellowed old sportsmen, that the teams for the Veterans' annual cricket match are picked. Somehow the old Rector, on whom this duty falls, finds every year that it is harder to make up the twenty-two required to play.

Old Darley, who is the Kingshorton Cricket Club's groundsman, rolls the pitch with more vigour on the morning of the veterans' cricket match than for any other event.

You see, he is one of the most reliable scorers in the team and he knows that it means a day for him on which the ladies of the Squire's household, for all of whom he has a respectful regard, will shower him with smiles and applause, while the Squire himself may give him that which will entitle him to an extra pint of beer a day for a whole month if carefully eked out and if the knowledge of the existence thereof be kept from his wife.

It is not until after a light lunch, of which the veterans partake sparsely (because they are in training, of course), that the game commences. They appear in old, oddly-designed "long-sleeve" hats; hats taken from half-forgotten boxes in musty cupboards; hats that they were married in and in which they have attended all serious affairs.

Those who have flannels appear in them, while those that have not have daughters who will work them a pretty pair of braces to wear on the great occasion—green braces with red silken-worked embroidery, red braces with yellow-flowered patterns.

Around their necks, they wear the black silk stocks that have been carefully preserved these many years.

At length Farmer Hoffer wins the spin of the coin with Worplesdon—who is the captain of the other side—and the game commences.

Farmer Hoffer is conscious that he is not so good as he used to be in the brave days when the Kentish Captain said . . . (But I have told you of that.) Therefore he lets some of the younger hands—the fifty-year-olds—lead off. And they lay about them with a will, for in our village a man is not reckoned to be in the prime of his life until he has bid goodbye to the half century. They must not disgrace their youth.

It is when this mighty hitting is going on that I watch the old Rector of ours, who is a spiritual father to us and who, in the material world, has a family of fourteen. His face shows something of the cares of that family, but on this day of all others the smile of the keen sportsman has its place thereon.

His eyes glisten through his gold-rimmed spectacles, and he is back in the long ago watching those who, although their efforts are brave enough now, yet were more sprightly then. . . . William, you would not have missed that catch in the old days, and you, old Edward, would have been smarter at fielding that ball. Somehow the old fingers fumble a bit and the throw to the wicket falls short. . . . A skyer! William—well caught! It is the old form coming back to you. . . . George Bettle on to bowl? Ah, George, you were a masterpiece once and the terror of the surrounding village cricket teams.

It was well bowled, well bowled! Two wickets for ten runs. And now who goes in? Why, Farmer Hoffer, amid cries [illegible] younger generation of, "Now, then 'u[illegible] son. Let's be a 'earin' from ye. Good Kent"—and so on.

Thus the match progresses, [illegible] veterans have their annual taste of [illegible] of their youth—until the last wicket [illegible]

It is this Last Wicket of which our [illegible] feels fearful as year after year he find[illegible] it is harder to make up the twenty-tw[illegible] quired to play. . . .

TEA AND MR. TEELING

A SAD CASE.

I never see Teeling coming along [illegible] Street or the Strand at five o'clo[illegible] knowing, by his pace, whether he has [illegible] his tea-shop.

Mr. Teeling makes a speciality [illegible] nicest meal of the day. Sometimes he [illegible] me and tells me that he has thrown up [illegible] up-to-the-back-teeth-for-fourpence pla[illegible] has taken to Bond Street while the [illegible] lasts—Bond Street where tea is [illegible] but an æsthetic effect.

At other times his remarks [illegible] opposite.

"What," he inquires as he gr[illegible] the coat-sleeve and hauls me into a palatial hotel in the Strand, "is the u[illegible] place where you have to pay half a [illegible] to look at a Dutch lady from Brixton [illegible] in imitation Zuyder Zee garments? [illegible] along inside!"

I am overwhelmed. I take th[illegible] At least, I could almost perform that [illegible] ating diving operation if only the cup [illegible] just a little bigger. Teeling [illegible] we want cups of tea, not baths. [illegible] is at first, when he has only just got o[illegible] attack of Bond Street, and ladies with [illegible] tresses.

If you see Teeling with a roma[illegible] in his eye, you have only to wait and [illegible] hound-like, watch into what shop he g[illegible] tea, to locate the trouble, for, hard [illegible] it is to confess it about a young man [illegible] doing so well in the City, his aspirat[illegible] soar above a pretty waitress, and [illegible] Cupid elects to shoot at him, which [illegible] pretty frequently, it appears that he [illegible] either on the tea-pot or on the shelf [illegible] they keep the cigarettes in the cash de[illegible]

I know that one of these days there [illegible] trouble over this, because his motl[illegible] her mind on his marrying a girl w[illegible] admits, is very charming, but the w[illegible] holds a tea-pot is *not* effective! Sh[illegible] I know, have to learn how to do this [illegible] fully before she captures the affect[illegible] Teeling—Teeling the cheerful, the ever[illegible] the man who can always drown his m[illegible] disappointments in a cup of tea.

But, stay, I am reminded as I wr[illegible] that on the desk in front of me is a no[illegible] Teeling. Who can mistake the shaky-l[illegible] writing which, although he will not bel[illegible] I assure him, is the result of too much

Once, too, I showed him a gruesom[illegible] oured illustration in a medical encyclo[illegible] of the effects of tea on the digestive [illegible] Teeling thought it was "very pretty."

But this note from Teeling. . . . [illegible] what is coming and it is heads on whe[illegible] up-to-the-back-teeth-for-fourpence [illegible] effect and Titian tresses in Bond St[illegible]

Now for it:

"Dear old Sportiboy,—Sorry our li[illegible] pointment for tea is *absolutely* done [illegible] eye. Been to the doctor's to-day [illegible] knocked me right off tea until further [illegible]

Poor Teeling. Now, I wonder whether [illegible] will include a sprig of tea-plant in the [illegible] choly announcement (which soon [illegible] issued with regard to this young [illegible] whom the pleasure of tea-ing is [illegible] flowers, by request."

L. [illegible]

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

"DANDY" DINMONT

By HAMILTON EDDING.

The Park on Sunday morning is not without its charm for a decent percentage of the population of London proper. Those who have the blessing of an ear for music, on payment of a small toll, sit within the ring of green seats and listen to the band; those who are interested in facial expression may, from the same point of vantage, watch the contortions of the faces of the cornet-players, the flautists, and other performers on the wind instruments, and practical jokers, at the risk of being turned out by the beadles, may sit and suck a lemon under the nose of the bassoon player.

Outside the ring, fashion holds sway. Oxford Street shops add their quota of showily dressed assistants of both genders. Soho and London-not-exactly-proper supply a Dale weighs in with gentlemen who live on nothing all the year round. Others lounge full length on the ground and occupy the outer fringe of the "third circle." They have no care for the dictates of the fickle goddess of fashion.

I did not look, either, for the one-time friend of "Dandy" Dinmont to be among them; yet I almost stumbled over him and had to suppress an exclamation of surprise.

"Not Percy Tonkin!" I cried, aghast. He looked very down in the mouth. "Out of a job?" I asked him.

"Um—no," speculating on the Stock Exchange, I went on, laughing.

"'Spiff's' have been rather better to me, and I'm second salesman, now, y'know. You needn't look at me. I'm *not* going to apologise for my appearance. I've followed example. Norfolk coat and an old pair of flannel bags is my line on Sundays now. You wouldn't think that these were new a month ago, would you?"

His attire looking commendably knocked spots off, I agreed with him.

"You see, I've been slingin' these things over my cubicle ——"

"The cubicle you share with 'Dandy'? Why, he's half-murdered you for treating your clothes like that, *I* should say—and I've only seen him once. But once was enough to see *that*."

I knew what you'd say wrong. 'Dandy' Dinmont has severed his connection with our firm. He's gone with it, levanted, gone, barged off—anywhere you like!"

There was despair in his voice.

"Levanted!" I said. "Some enterprising local has bagged him at last. He's not in the 'Modes for Men' column?"

Mr. Tonkin smiled weakly.

"As you only saw him that afternoon, I don't say you've got a good idea of his amount. But—no. He's not on that game, now. And you—you couldn't begin to guess what he's doin' now. It took a photograph to make me believe it, and then I had to be shown the negative before I could really convince myself that it wasn't a fake. Poor old 'Dandy'! And to think that on Sundays he was known as the smartest man in Oxford Street. Oh, he had some *lovely* things, I tell you, lovely!"

A little regret crept into Mr. Tonkin's tone. "At the finish, I came within, say, half a length of him," Mr. Tonkin proceeded, modestly. "I had more, well, just a blinkin' advantage, and that's about all you can put down for. Funny thing to think that it was his very name that started him on his career for dress, isn't it? Miss Maxey, in the office, called him 'Dandy' first of all. She was a young swell who was running her then had presented her with a long-bodied dog. Dandie Dinmonts they're called. How Dinmont got his nickname is obvious, ain't it? But, of course, he couldn't spell or he wouldn't have translated it to mean a dressy man, would he?

"He was new in the 'silks' at the time. And he did in his first screw in advance in our gent.'s tailoring department on something that took your eyes out right away. But the trouble the 'gent.'s tailoring' had to get that stuff! 'Dandy' stumbled on it in pattern, during the period of feverish excitement from which he was suffering something considerable after Miss Maxey had, as he thought, called him 'Dandy' with a 'y.' He was always very presentable, I'll give you right away, but until the 'gent.'s tailoring' had turned out that suit for him (at cost) he didn't by any means deserve his nickname.

"Why—why in those days he sometimes didn't brush himself before he went out! Yes, that's as true as we're sitting here, I tell you, and, moreover, you'd find on his blue serge, for instance, bits of fluff. Yes. bits of fluff on 'Dandy' Dinmont! Oh, I tell you, Miss M.'s remarks and her way of lookin' at you sort of out of the tops of her eyes has set chaps at doin' more foolish things than buyin' what 'Dandy' called 'exclusive patterns in suiting.'

"Funny thing—but do you know that her point blank refusal to walk out with him in his new or any other suit was what turned all his love to——"

"Hate," I suggested dramatically.

"No—no. To a mania for dress. I used to say that he was fond of his fancy socks, partial to his shirts, gone on his fancy waistcoats, and dead in love with his latest new suit. I did really. We shared a double-bedded cubicle together, so you can bet I knew all there was to be known about his habits.

"Smart clothes he liked, certainly, but he was not a fop. A bottle o' scent that a young lady in the perfumery department gave him for a birthday present he simply emptied out of the window into the gutter. I was angry with him for that. It was eau-de-Cologne and permissible. Talkin' about bein' angry, I sha'n't forget the first row he had with me——"

"You told the young lady in the perfumery department," I said in mocking reproof. "Tonkin, you're a Don Juan on the sly and you know it!"

"Not at all, dear man, not at all. Our row was over his laundry!

"When he was in, 'Dandy' always unpacked our little lot; cursed if a collar or two was done up badly, and wrote insulting letters to the manager of the clearing department.

"On the sad occasion to which I refer, 'Dandy' was spending the week-end with his people. On the Saturday he missed the best train of the day, waitin' for our week's washing to turn up. But laundry's like a certain company's railway trains—always late. He went off and left it to me to put away.

"When I came in that night, I saw it there on the chair in our cubicle, and put it away in our respective chests-of-drawers."

"You mixed it up, of course?"

"No-o! On Monday, at 11 a.m., 'Dandy' returned. He went up first dinner party that day, contrary to usual custom, so that I missed him. But one of the cooks—decent sort of chap who ain't averse to chuckin' you a tit-bit now and then—came to me and said, 'I believe there's been a hell-up in your pal's family circle. He looks, well, just as if he was dead nuts on murderin' someone on sight. Never saw such a jib on a man.'

"'Go on!' says I. And I wondered whether he'd been chipped by the old folks at home on his appearance. It makes 'em a bit sick sometimes when the hope of the family goes in too much for style and outshines poor dear Pa.

"In the cubicle 'Dandy' was standin', a really strikin' *tableau vivant* for an outraged husband, or a gentleman who has been dished of his little all.

"'Good heavens!' says I, all in keepin'. 'Speak! What's up?'

"For answer he pulled open his linen drawer.

"He took out a couple of collars that had got a little caught in the back of the drawer—a thing that happens to mine every week because my drawer is overcrammed (they don't give our wardrobes much breathin' space). Besides this, a shirt had got a little bit creased.

"'And I thought,' he says, 'you were a friend, Tonkin.'

"I tried to explain.

"'No. Not now,' he says, with the resigned calmness of a broken-hearted hero.

"After that he seemed to go all to pieces somehow. Our old housekeeper, curious to see how a trouser-press worked, undid 'Dandy's' once, and omitted to put 'em back properly. The little wrigglin' creases made 'em look as if they'd been slept in for a week. His trousers, I knew had been a source of anxiety to him for some time. His screw didn't allow of too many new ones, and as he had to pull in a bit because of a doctor's bill he had to pay through interferin' with a navvy who sat on his coat tails in a 'bus, he found that they began to bag. In spite of all his care, they insisted on baggin' at the knees.

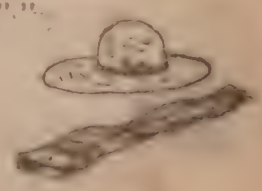
"In fact the first grey hairs were just appearin' when he did the opposite. He disappeared, levanted, went, barged off—anything you like!"

Mr. Tonkin arose.

"Yesterday," he concluded, "I heard of him, for the first time since he disappeared, from a traveller for a West Indian house. He'd struck 'Dandy' on some island out there where the girls aren't few. The sun had tanned him almost to the olive of the natives, but the traveller knew him again and, seein' that he was only wearin' a grass hat and a couple of yards of linen round the middle, he asked him why the deuce he was got up in that rig.

"'Dandy' looked at him serious as a judge.

"'At last,' he says, 'I've found a nether garment, the very height of local fashion, *which does not bag at the knees!*'"



THE INDIAN WRESTLING STYLE.

HOW GAMA LEARNED THE GAME.

Nowadays, the word "wrestling" evokes less interest in British minds than was once the case, for the perpetual procession of Terrible Tartars, Turkish Tigers, and so on, that we have seen of late years, and the invariably unsporting methods adopted by those wrestlers, have, in a measure, sickened the British public of the sport.

But it is pleasant to think that there is one importation from "furrin' parts" that seems to be of a healthier nature. This is the Indian wrestler, a prominent specimen of whose type is Gama, grandiloquently styled the Lion of the Punjaub.

Anybody who saw him beat the American, Roller, or who, like the writer, saw the pitiable state of perturbation into which he threw the Galician, Zbysco, at the Stadium, would probably acknowledge that he goes nearer to deserving his title than any other foreign wrestler we have seen up to the present.

But it is not of Gama alone that we wish to speak; but of the difference between Indian and European wrestling.

The sport, as practised in India, is almost entirely different from that obtaining in this country. Art is at a premium and brute force at a discount. It is said that before a man may be said by his colleagues to be a *pulwan*, or expert at wrestling, he must make himself a master of over four hundred *penches* (tricks):

Although the Indian wrestler is quick to act when he sees a chance, he takes his time to find it, when pitted against a man of equal skill with himself. He waits patiently, sometimes standing still, but more often creeping lithely and circumspectly round the ring. He does not stretch out his hand unless he sees that it is safe, for it is by deft holds of the thumb or the elbow that the *pulwan* very often manages to jerk his man down.

Possibly a Cornish or Cumberland wrestler, observing the extreme caution exercised by two first-rate Indian wrestlers, would feel a certain amount of contempt for such prolonged inaction. But if he took the mat with the Oriental, it is by no means likely that he would come off first.

The costume worn by the Indian wrestler is identical with that affected by our forefather Adam, previous to tasting the apple, save for a scanty cloth round the loins.

It is when the Indian wrestlers have come to grips that the fun begins. The dodges which a skilful performer will put into practice are innumerable. If he finds that he is in danger of being thrown, that he is gradually losing his foothold, he will probably turn a complete somersault, making use of the leverage afforded by his adversary's body.

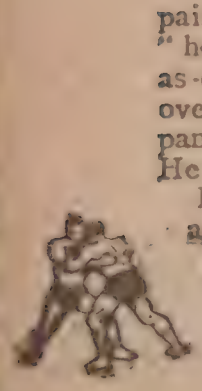
His legs will shoot over the other man's shoulders and he will come down firmly on his feet behind his opponent's back. And, possibly, by so doing, he may have put himself into a commanding position.

Indian wrestling may be said to be a combination of European wrestling and ju-jitsu—except that the cruelty of the latter is eliminated. It is a well-known fact that the Japanese exponent of ju-jitsu wins by inflicting pain, or by getting such a grip on his opponent that the latter will "break something" if he does not give in.

But in wrestling, as performed in India, pain is not exploited. The same legitimate "holds"—with others—are used as in "catch-as-catch-can" and other styles. And moreover, the Indian wrestler is as lithe as a panther, and as "springy" as a kangaroo. He wins by cunning and agility.

It is interesting to note that in India, bouts are generally decided by one fall only.

E. Neumann.



Fun with a Pencil.

AN AMUSING MEANS OF WHILING AWAY A LAZY HALF-HOUR.

The evening is wearing on, and you are beginning to feel a little uncomfortable. The "fact of the matter" is that you have invited a small party of boon companions to spend the evening at your place, and they have duly turned up. The early part of the proceedings went off splendidly; your friends were in capital spirits, and could not find too high praise for the creature comforts you put before them.

Sportsman with dog and gun entering a village inn.

At last, however, a change began to come over the scene.

The lengthiest stock of good yarns is bound to come to an end sometime or other, and tidings of absent friends are soon exhausted.

Finally, a moment arrives when all your guests sit about smoking in silence, broken by an occasional "Rotten weather outside, isn't it?"; and you stand with your back against the mantelpiece, looking at them gloomily, and racking your brains for some means of restoring to them the lively spirits they possessed so short time ago.

Such melancholy "gaps" in the festivities happen at every little function of the kind; and the host invariably suffers acutely. But if he has a piece of pencil on him, he has all he needs for quite an amusing half-hour.

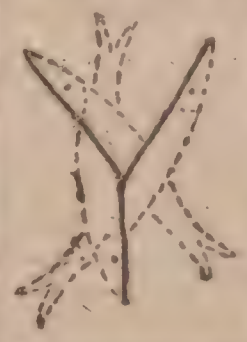
Ask your friends if they can draw. They will probably answer that they can do it better than *you*. This is your cue. Produce your pencil and defy any one of them to draw a sportsman entering the village inn with his dog after a day's shooting—all in three strokes. They will all try and fail ignominiously.

Sentry in sentry-box.

Coolly and unconcernedly draw upon a paper the above cryptic figure.

Your friends will gaze upon it in blank amazement; and then inquire in forcible language how you can make out that that depicts "a sportsman, etc." Your easy reply is that the perpendicular line is the wall of the inn, the slanting line the man's gun (over his shoulder) and the curve is the dog's tail. *The man and the dog have just got in.*

Next tell them that, as they are rather duffers, you will set them something easier. A sentry in a sentry box, all in five strokes. The sketch shows how it is done.



How to draw three fish intertwined round the letter Y.

Needless to say, again your explanation will be required. You answer that the sentry is inside the box, but that you have drawn it from behind.

Another good drawing trick that is not known to everybody is to make three fish, intertwined, out of the letter Y. The accompanying sketch will give some idea how it is done.

Have you ever played "Finishing the pig"? It is quite funny, and can be played by anything up to six men. Draw the outline of a pig's body. Then each player, *blindfolded* in turn, should try to put in the eye, the ears, the legs and the tail. The fun that the game is capable of producing is not difficult to imagine, for the eye will probably be put somewhere near the hind quarters, and the other external appendages will doubtless be found floating happily somewhere in space round about the unfortunate animal.

John Girton.

RINKING FOR BEGINNE

THE DANGERS OF EARLY AMBIT

It is a surprising fact, but true, that all the articles now appearing by the under the guise of "Hints on Rinking so on, are useful only to those people who have already passed the most difficult stage. The object of this article is to give some useful those who are but starting on what undoubtedly find the most enjoyable sociable of winter pastimes.

When first you enter the rink, it is to assume that professional air that be the experienced participator of any Then you will be sure of getting your well fitted. This preliminary over, discard the disguise.

Do not, immediately you are on t try to dash forward in the manner those experienced skaters who are flitt at every turn.

Try to get really into the "atmos for just as in swimming the first get used to the feeling of being in an of water, so in rinking, the primar should be to become accustomed to tion of being on wheels.

A few minutes spent at the outset drawing the feet forward and be of far more value than any futile effort to dash round with yo who have already passed their novit

Never, under any circumstances, anyone to "take you round"—at lea until you have reached a more ad stage. This early "taking round" is impart a false confidence.

When you feel quite at home in a posture, place one hand on the barr give a slight push off, and, by placi weight of the body on the right and le alternately, you will find yourself with rather surprising ease.

Remember that you must not *push* legs forward. It is the adjustment of that will propel you, not muscular stren

Many commence by exerting their power in gaining speed at the ploughing along.

It is an acknowledged fact, that are the fastest at the beginning, do the best skaters.

Avoid, above all things, the fata of using one foot more than the I have often watched learners tear the rink, gleams of satisfaction on the and expressions which seem to say, skate! I can skate!"

They have one foot—usually the le to the floor, while the other is given cally all the work to do.

Once indulged in, this habit is very to overthrow.

Skating is sometimes described as ing on skates," and this definition not be disregarded by the novice.

After a certain amount of gliding ca has been acquired, the learner—or p he would not call himself a learner stage—should commence the turnings.

It is, no doubt, very fascinating to w "skate-over-skate" method adopted more expert, but the first turnings sho executed in a far simpler way.

Suppose you are travelling in the or "counter-clockwise" direction. right foot, pointing slightly to the le position in front of the left foot, and same time throw the weight of the b little in the same direction.

This movement, coupled with your i will carry you safely round the curve.

When this stage has been reached, before, it is time to study the many el articles that have been written on ad skating, and such luxuries, enjoyed by pert, as figure-skating. A. D.

STILL AUTUMN DAYS

BETWEEN THE GALES AND THE RAINS.

Spring keeps a man's eyes, and, in consequence, his thoughts, on nature's details. He notices buds grow brown and big, break, and unfold into leaves or flowers, and he is constantly out to enjoy the little individual scraps of interest that abound. Moreover, he has long anticipations of the coming summer, and it is exhilarating to him that summer delays. There is always hope.

Autumn keeps him still near to details, narrows his vision and his unexpressed feelings and sends out into wider areas. Still, he is generally confined to localities. He may fish, and the river becomes his world; he may enjoy field sports, and the boundaries of the cover are his mental and physical horizon. He may, indeed, lie under a tree through which he can watch the white clouds sailing in the blue of infinite space, but he can scarcely give up his days to the vague speculations of a star gazer.

Then comes autumn, throwing down the barriers of things he has known for many years, and cutting him adrift from those familiarities of nature—seed-time and harvest—with which the practical man has most concern. Summer recedes from him; withdraws her interests from his full sight, like a woman who refuses to make herself too commonplace to her lover. And if he would still revel and luxuriate and enjoy he must follow.

IT IS GOOD TO BE ALONE.

Now, in autumn he finds his greatest delight in the spreading spaces far out on the moor, in the high and remote, and out of sight of the haunts of his fellow men.

In the mixed days of autumn there is a rare and peculiar appeal that can only be heard by those who quit the scenes of everyday activity. Sometimes unexpectedly between days of storm, wind and incessant rain, there come days of the serenest calm when it is good to be alive and gay in the great spaces of the land. To stay indoors would be an unthinkable desecration of the season. With a free and open window you leave the house ready for anything, prepared for nothing in particular. The fragrance of the autumn air, only half-appreciated from the bedroom window two hours before, is the true elixir of life.

THE SILENCE OF THE HILLS.

Already the daily fight between sun and mist has begun, and as you saunter along the path, strewn with dropped leaves, crisp, wrinkled, and fragrant, you catch a glimpse through the thinning trees of the low sun on the broken range of hills, ten miles across the lonely and unfrequented country.

Instantly there is a longing to be on that distant ridge, and the mind's eye pictures the wide-spread land as it would look spread out below you once you gained the summit.

It is a strange trait in human character, this desire to climb and look down upon a wide landscape.

SERENITY.

The valley lies across unfrequented pastures, following the side of an English stream that winds through meadows, its course marked by pollard willows and straight alder stems. Here, clear of sight and sound of the village, it is good to stop and look around and feel the stillness and the weak but kindly glow of the sun.

Only a trace of mist is left, but dew still lies heavy on the grass, giving to the atmosphere a cool, clear sparkle.

Presently a bird is moving: the very water in the stream seems, at a short distance, to have ceased its course and to be lying smooth and still to catch the sun.

Under the high-pitched roof of the one visible farmstead, every man and beast might still be fast asleep, so motionless is everything in this rare and delicious hour. It might be the beginning of the year instead of its last hours—last as men reckon the year.

Still, the unclimbed hill calls, and on we go, entering now a wood, once deeply shaded, now admitting floods of broken light. Empty cartridge cases lie about the rides, and birds and rabbits are still surprisingly timid, remembering the awful day when the beaters passed through and the guns spoke incessantly.

UP ON THE DOWN.

The land begins to rise gently as we get near the foothills of the little ranges. A stout stick becomes a help as well as a companion. The fields break up, hedges disappear, and soon we have cleared the cultivated land and emerge upon the open down, dotted here and there with straggling patches of bramble, furze, with still a touch of yellow blossom, and lonely, straggling thorn bushes beneath whose shelter rabbits have scratched and burrowed, and in whose branches the winter birds will find food in the reddening haws.

At every ridge in the hill we think the top is reached, but still another rises above us, and the blood begins to circulate more rapidly and the breath to be deeper and more hurried.

The way up is stiff, but once the top is reached, an hour or two of late afternoon repays the effort.

WHEN SUNSET FALLS.

Already an indistinctness, born of early evening haze, has spread over the lowlands, and familiar places are but ill-descried and only recognised by some outstanding feature. A tall tree, a little church tower, a strip of white road, a windmill—these guide the eye amid the growing confusion of wood and field, pasture and stubble, and early ploughland.

Behind us, the sun is dipping, round, red, enlarged, and suspended in a grey curtain of mist. Before us, the nearer acres are already in shadow, a perfect evening following a perfect day.

Softly the dusk falls; down in the lower hedge a late blackbird makes a distant, half-smothered clatter, conscious perhaps of an intruder on the down. Only the after-glow shows where the sun has disappeared. From red into palest yellow the colour fades, and once again the shape of the down is blotted out until against the light of another dawn, it emerges from the surrounding and caressing darkness.

EASTON-GREY.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

A PRACTICAL CONSIDERATION OF THE FINANCE OF IT.

Of course, poultry cannot be kept by everyone. Some amount of land is essential, but it is surprising what good results can be obtained by the enthusiast on a very small area.

The secret lies in having just as many birds as can be adequately accommodated.

There is a never-failing demand for fresh-laid eggs. Hence the poultry-keeper has no difficulty in finding a market for his produce; while provided the most suitable breeds of fowls are kept and a correct system of feeding is adopted, eggs can be obtained all through the winter months when the market price averages two shillings per dozen.

A hen of a good laying strain should average 150 eggs per annum. If she produces a less number than this, she is not worth keeping. Reckoning these eggs at the average price of a penny each we get a total of 12s. 6d. for the year. The cost of feeding a hen approximates 1½d. per week, totalling 6s. 6d. a year. Deducting this from the value of the eggs laid we get a profit of 6s. per bird per annum.

Where only about a dozen fowls are kept, a profit of 7s. to 8s. per bird is often made, for the scraps from the table enter largely into their menu. With the increase in the number of birds kept, the profit realised from each fowl diminishes.

I would advise the *beginner* to confine his attention to utility poultry-keeping and to curb any ambitions in the direction of breeding for the show-pen.

Only pure-bred specimens of a good, laying strain should be kept, for contrary to popular belief, "mongrels" and cross-breds are not the best layers.

Many breeders of pure utility stock sell eggs for hatching at prices ranging from 2s. 6d. to 6s. per sitting, according to the quality of the birds and the demand for the eggs of the particular breed kept.

My foregoing remarks apply solely to the utility side of poultry culture. Breeding fowls for exhibition is a very different matter, and there are hundreds of men who rely solely upon the profits of this branch of poultry-keeping. Many are making very substantial incomes, and scattered over the kingdom are thousands of "hobbyist" fanciers who obtain for their birds prices of sufficient magnitude to make the utilitarian turn green with envy.

Every year exhibition specimens of the more popular varieties change hands at prices ranging from five pounds to fifty pounds each. Eggs for hatching from such valuable birds naturally command high prices, per dozen eggs.

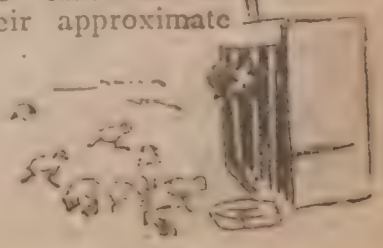
Breeding exhibition birds, when one has become known as a breeder, is much more remunerative and, withal, more interesting than utility breeding. The initial cost of the stock birds, however, far exceeds that of utility specimens, and a breeding pen of three birds would cost at least five pounds.

To be successful as an exhibitor, one must specialise in some one particular breed or variety; the most successful fanciers of the day are specialists.

It need not be thought that a large area of ground is necessary for exhibition poultry-keeping. Many of the leading winners of the year are bred by working men in back-yard runs. Bantams can be kept in very confined quarters.

There is never any difficulty in selling first-class birds. The professional exhibitor will be glad to buy them at a good price. It is the second and third-raters that are so difficult to dispose of at their approximate value.

GEORGE SCOTT.



RUGBY FULL-BACK PLAY.

THE VALUE OF BRAIN WORK.

In the early days of Rugby, there used to be two full backs on each side, but, of course, for many years one has been the rule.

For a long time a full back was supposed to be a purely defensive player, but the New Zealanders showed us how a full back can be effective in attack, though defence is his primary duty.

Formerly, the full back was generally slow, but nowadays he has to be quite as speedy as any three-quarter. With the ball swung about so rapidly, he has no chance of getting to the man who takes the final pass unless he is quick on his feet.

A full back, of course, must be a long and sure kick. The latter attribute is, perhaps, even more important than the former. The comparatively poor kicker who finds touch every time will help and save his side more than the man whose prodigious kicks go straight to the opposing full back.

The full back should be able to kick equally well with either foot, for often he will have only the fraction of a second to get in his kick, and if he has to change his feet or shift the ball from one side to the other, the delay may be fatal.

A common failing of the full back is to delay putting in his kick. Of course, if you have plenty of time there is no need to rush it, but still, if you delay, you give the other side time to anticipate what you are going to do. Some backs are fond of waiting until an opponent is almost on them and then dodging him. This calls forth plenty of applause, but it is gallery play of the worst type.

Sometimes a full back may not have time to get in his kick before the opposing forwards are on him, in which case he should hang on to the ball for all he is worth, but, as a rule, the full back who is collared with the ball in his possession is a bad player.

Although, in a fast game, the full back gets plenty to do, he is probably the least-pumped man on the side, and is, therefore, best fitted to take place-kicks. Place-kicking is not sufficiently practised nowadays, for time after time one sees "sitters" missed. Yet a successful "place" may make all the difference between victory and defeat.

Another point in which modern full backs are rather deficient is in fielding the ball cleanly. Forwards are so fast nowadays, and follow up so hard, that if the full back fumbles the ball, he is at once knocked over and the ball swept from him. The Rugby ball bounces so erratically that the need for fielding practice is very great.

Naturally, the full back must be a clean and resolute tackler and be a master of every style of tackling. He must be able to collar a man so that he cannot pass, and he must also be able to take a man low when the only chance is to bring him down irrespective of his passing.

Intelligent anticipation plays a large part in the making of a good full back. The genius is always where he is wanted and gets through his work with a minimum of exertion. The mediocrity spends his time vainly chasing about the field and is pumped out before the game is half over.

Another characteristic of the first-class full back is the way in which he nurses his side by "judgmatic" kicking. When his side is being pressed, he finds touch and thus gives them breathing-time. But when his men are pressing, his lofty punts give his men time to follow up and get on to the opposing backs before they can return the ball.

Strength, speed, judgment, sure kicking, and tackling are the marks of the first-class full back, and perhaps the greatest of these is judgment.

C. B. May.

MY NOTEBOOK.

DISAPPOINTING COLONIALS.

For some weeks past, those of us who work in London have seen a good deal of the Queen's Own Rifles, the regiment which their Colonel, Sir Henry Pellatt, has brought over here, at his own expense, to take part in the autumn manœuvres.

The King has received a detachment of them at Balmoral, and a good deal has appeared about them in the newspapers, but those of us who have seen them have been woefully disappointed.

Personally, I have not seen them at drill, but I have met many of them in the street, and I should have thought it inconceivable that any body of men entitled to the honour of wearing His Majesty's uniform should take so little pride in their appearance and carriage.

I kept this opinion to myself, supposing that the men I met were exceptions to the rule, but I have discussed the matter with several of my friends, who, like myself, are keenly interested in the Territorial movement, and their opinions have been unanimous as to the slovenliness of these Canadians.

I remember seeing, some years ago, a detachment of the Queensland Lancers. They were fine upstanding chaps, proud of themselves and of their uniforms, and one felt that it was a fine thing that such men were bred from the old English stock, but I do not think that we can feel much pride in the Queen's Own Rifles.

THE OPINION OF THEIR OWN PEOPLE.

A reader who has just returned from Canada, who is a trooper in King Edward's Horse—one of the finest mounted corps in this country—and who was previously in the Cape Mounted Police, called upon me the other day and gave me a very candid opinion as to these Canadian soldiers.

"In Canada," he said, "the people are very much disappointed that a regiment like this should have been sent over to represent the Dominion. Colonel Pellatt is a fine soldier, and deserves every credit for spending the £20,000 that it has cost him to bring these men over, but it is a pity that he did not happen to be the colonel of a better corps.

"The Queen's Own Rifles are recruited wholly from the City of Toronto, and they are not a patch on any London infantry regiment that you could name. It is a pity that the Canadian regiment selected to take part in the manœuvres was not the 48th Highlanders."

I pointed out to him that my objection to the Queen's Own Rifles was not that the men were undersized, but that they did not seem to take any pride in being soldiers. The old Volunteers were in many cases sloppy, but it is rarely that you find a Territorial who does not do his utmost to appear every inch a soldier. In fact, his one anxiety is to observe every point where he can be distinguished from a Regular, and to eliminate all such differences. In a word, he has, by the creation of the Territorial Force, been made much more of a soldier in actual fact, and he wants to look a soldier as well.

These Queen's Own Rifles wear their uniforms as if they were ashamed of them.

I pointed these facts out to my Colonial friend.

"That," he said, "is unfortunately only an evidence of the so-called Canadian love of freedom. You get a good deal of the old French courtesy in Quebec and other towns, but in Toronto the people are purely Canadian, and certainly not British. There the people believe that they show their freedom and independence by being rude.

"The Queen's Own Rifles go about in a sloppy way just to show everybody they are that they are not Regular soldiers. It may seem funny to you, but it is a fact. An English Territorial wants to look like a Regular, but a Canadian would rather not.

When next one of our Colonies sends a regiment to this country, I hope it will be one that is better worthy of represent[ing us].

THE BRIGHTON AND HOVE "MODERN MAN" ATHLETIC CLUB.

I have just returned from visiting the Brighton and Hove Modern Man Athletic Club.

I did so at the request of members of it, and I enjoyed the kind hospitality which they extended to me.

I am glad to say that readers in several other towns are now making a move to form similar clubs.

I have taken a special and personal interest in the Brighton club because it is the first. The officials of it and I have become personal friends; they are capital chaps, and I strongly advise every reader in the district to communicate with the secretary, Mr. C. Lord, 86, Shaftesbury Road, Brighton, and join at once.

A THOROUGHLY ENJOYABLE EVENING.

As to the very pleasant evening which I spent in opening the Brighton club, I do not think I can do better than quote from the following extract from the *Brighton Evening Argus*.

"THE MODERN MAN.

"NEW ATHLETIC CLUB: BRIGHTON AND HOVE MODERN MAN ATHLETIC CLUB.

"The Brighton and Hove Modern Man Athletic Club, formed in connection with the Modern Man League, held their inaugural meeting at the Imperial Hotel, Queen's Road, on Saturday evening.

"About thirty sat down to dinner at 7.30, with the President, Mr. J. A. [illegible], M.A., in the chair. The Chairman gave the toast of 'The King.'

"The Hon. Secretary (Mr. G. Lord) briefly proposing the toast of 'The Club,' briefly referred to its origin and objects—the encouragement of all amateur sports, and the promotion of good fellowship and sportsmanship. He hoped every member of the Leagues in Brighton and Hove would join the Club, and expressed the wish that theirs would be the forerunner of similar Clubs throughout the Kingdom.

"The Hon. Instructor (Mr. A. Jones) and Captain (Mr. W. Webb) briefly responded.

"Mr. H. Ridge, submitting 'The Health of the President,' thought that the Club was extremely fortunate in obtaining Mr. [illegible] as President. This toast was drunk to the strains of 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' and the President, on rising to reply, received an ovation.

"He mentioned what a great pleasure it was to be among them, and thought that with so many enthusiastic young fellows the Club should be a huge success. As President he would use his best endeavours on its behalf. Concluding, he gave the members a very pleasant surprise by presenting to the Club a handsome silver challenge cup.

"During the evening a short musical programme was carried out, in which Mr. Guy was encored for his very fine rendering of 'The King's Own.'

"A vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded a very enjoyable evening.

I look to other towns to follow [illegible] lead.

Your [illegible]

Westinghouse Building, Strand.

OUR LEAGUE OF SPORTSMEN.

The list of names and addresses of members of THE MODERN MAN *League is continued below. We shall be grateful if any member whose name or address has been omitted or incorrectly printed will communicate with us, as we wish this list to be correct and complete as possible. Readers who have not yet joined the League will find a form of application on another page.]*

BATH (continued).
[illegible]HDING, 29, Cheltenham Street, Lower Bristol Road.
[illegible]KILL, 21, Brookleaze Buildings, Larkhall.
G. JEFFRIES, 76, The Triangle, Oldfield Park.
[illegible]MITH, 22, Queen Square.
[illegible]OATLEY, 1, Raglan Villas, Fairfield Park.
[illegible]OWELL, Crossway House, Combe Down.
[illegible]RUSSELL, 8, Trafalgar Road, Upper Weston.
[illegible]SHORE, 3, Sydenham Road, Lower Bristol Road.
C. W. SOWBY, 4, Cleveland Place, E.
C. H. STONEMAN, Christopher Hotel.
W. G. WOODLEY, New Buildings, Peasdown.

BATLEY.
[illegible]. ARCHER, 13, Albion Street.
[illegible]. WILSON, Croft House Farm, Soothill Lane.

BEAMISH.
[illegible]. COLD, [illegible] Place.

BEAUFORT.
[illegible], "Arcadia."

BEDFORD.
[illegible]125, 2, Cauldwell Street.
S. HAMAND, 5, Wellington Street.
H. MAXEY, 72, Foster Hill Road.
G. T. PRYER, "Saxondale," Newnham Avenue.
T. M. SAVAGE, Turvey.
H. SMITH, 35, Wellington Street.

BEGWORTH.
W. JONES, Gladstone Villas, Park Road.

BELFAST.
[illegible]LINGTON, 21, Chilwell Road.
[illegible]. ADAIR, 51, Spring Street.
[illegible]. ANDREW, 2, Chadwick Street.
[illegible]AIRD, 27, Agincourt Avenue.
[illegible]. BELFORD, Brougham Street.
[illegible]BELL, 15, Cyprus Gardens.
[illegible]BLAIR, [illegible], Spamount Street.
[illegible]. BRADLEY, Wellesley Avenue.
[illegible]BOYD, Cyprus Gardens, Bloomfield.
[illegible], "Lyndhurst," Ormiston Gardens, Knock.
[illegible]CAIRNS, 17, India Street.
[illegible]CAMPBELL, 90, Tennent Street.
[illegible]. CROWN, 3, Brunswick Street.
[illegible]. BURRELL, 51, Sandy Row.
[illegible]CARSON, 3, Canning Street.
[illegible]CAUGHEY, 102, Woodstock Road.
[illegible]CONNOLLY, 17, Century Street.
[illegible]EMPSTER, 103, Fitzroy Avenue.
[illegible]HINGTON, 6, Lonsdale Street.
[illegible], 72, Willowbank Street, Antrim Road.
[illegible], 13, Derlett Street.
[illegible]INGS, "San Remo," Fitzroy Avenue.
[illegible]INE, "Merryfield," Old Cavehill Road.
[illegible]LIE, 18, Prince's Dock.
[illegible]IMMONS, 97, Tower Street, Newtownards Road.
[illegible]ING, 4, Longwood Terrace, Whitehouse.
[illegible]ER, 57, Melrose Street.
[illegible]. HAWLE, "B" Co. 1st Cheshire Regt., Victoria [illegible].
[illegible], 41, Walton Street.
[illegible], 7, Victoria Gardens, Chichester Park.
[illegible]TON, "Sunnymount," 195, Alexandra Park [illegible].
[illegible]STON, 49, Newport Street.
[illegible]ILLY, 56, Alexandra Park Avenue.
[illegible]LDY, Pearl Offices, Cathedral Buildings Donegall [illegible].
[illegible]AW, [illegible], Newtownards Road.
[illegible]BRAINLEY, Endsleigh Gardens, Bloomfield.
[illegible]RIDE, 72, North Parade.
[illegible]CARROLL, 71, Agnes Street.
[illegible]CLEAN, 2, Belgravia Avenue.
[illegible]CLURE, 7, Lonsdale Street.
[illegible]. [illegible]COWAN, [illegible], Penrose Street.
[illegible]. MILLEN, 7, Orient Gardens.
[illegible]A. MAILLAND, 35, Lothair Avenue.
[illegible]MAILLAND, 10, Windsor Terrace, Lisburn Road.
[illegible], 14, Wellwood Street.
[illegible]TGOMERY, 17, Sugarfield Street.
[illegible]E, 8, Carlisle Street.
[illegible]. [illegible]PHIMER, 2, Marlborough Park Central, Lisburn Road.
[illegible]MURPHY, 26, Chamberlain Street.
[illegible]. [illegible], 63, Belmont Church Road, Strandtown.
PALMER, 294, Ardinlee Avenue, Cregagh Road
ROBINSON, 32, Ravenhill Street.
C. RODDIE, 76, Gt. Victoria Street.
[illegible]ROOM, 38, Orient Gardens, Cliftonville.
[illegible]SHIELD, Skegoniell School, Antrim Road.
[illegible]SMYTH, 12, Newtownards Road.
[illegible]. [illegible]WALLACE, 10, Jerusalem Street.
[illegible]WALLACE, 80, Duncairn Gardens.
[illegible]WEIR, 78, Great Northern Street, Lisburn Road.
[illegible]WRIGHT, 1, Allworthy Avenue, Antrim Road.

BELPER.
[illegible]. TILLMAN, King Street.

BELVEDERE.
J. R. DOWRICK, "Woodside," Bexley Road.
[illegible]. FUCHIE, 199, Bexley Road.

BERKELEY.
[illegible]. HARDING, Sanigar.

BERWICK.
[illegible]. HOLMAN, St. Anns, North Berwick.

(To be continued.)

AN ECONOMICAL MIND.

Cohenbaum, the old miser, paid a visit one evening to his friend Savestein, a younger member of the chosen few, whom he discovered sitting in the dark.

The visitor, however, had brought with him a mortgage-paper which required examination, and so the host reluctantly lit up.

Hardly had they finished reading, when Savestein blew out the candle stump, and the room was once more plunged into utter darkness.

"Whatever d'ye do that for?" inquired Cohenbaum, placing one hand on his watch and the other amongst his small change.

"We can talk quite as easily in the dark," replied the host; "and think what it saves in candles!"

The conversation proceeded for some minutes, until the visitor's mind was disturbed by strange noises, ominous shufflings coming from the vicinity of his companion.

He took a step backwards and suspiciously made inquiries as to the doings of his friend.

"We're saving the candle," said that thrifty gentleman; "it's dark and no one can see in here, so I'm just taking off my trousers—to save the wear and tear."

QUITE LIKELY.

The bumptious young man raced across the roadway and confronted a quiet and elderly gentleman.

"Sir!" he cried, excitedly, "That is my umbrella you have."

"I do not doubt it for one moment," replied the elderly gentleman, smoothly. "I have just bought it from the pawnbroker's."

THEN THEY CLEARED THE COURT.

The unfortunate jockey was defendant in the breach of promise case, and things were beginning to look very black against him. Otherwise, everything was merry and bright. The judge, as usual, made alleged jokes, and the court rocked with alleged laughter.

The plaintiff, a short stout lady of mature charms, entered the witness-box, and a celebrated K.C. commenced his operations.

"Now, madam," he began, "cast your memory back to the morning of the 23rd of May, when, you allege, defendant asked your hand in marriage. Was his air serious, morose, or was it that of a practical joker?"

"Lor' sir!" replied the plaintiff, "I never see sich untidy 'air, and no wonder, considering as 'ow 'e kept a-runnin' 'is 'ands through it."

VERY INSTRUCTIVE.

[This feature is intended only for those searchers after true wisdom who find our other pages not sufficiently educative. We propose for a few weeks to take them by the hand and lead them in the paths of knowledge.—EDITOR.*]*

Question: Why is Esperanto so little used?

Answer: Because there are so many delicate shades of thought that cannot be expressed by it. For instance, we defy anybody to translate Yip-i-addy-i-ay into Esperanto. (Wilberforce! Stop sniffing! We don't care if Bertram *has* purloined your acid drop.)

* * *

Q.: Does the often-repeated newspaper expression "Sketches in Court" refer to the occupants of the Bench?

A.: Not always, Anstruther. *Some* of them are quite presentable in appearance.

* * *

Q.: Which is the astuter nation—England or America—in the matter of "corners"?

A.: W-well, dear child, the Yanks have a great reputation for deals in wheat, and oil, and corned beef, and rotten things like that; but we're putting our shirts on our First League wing forwards in the far more important business of *scoring* from corners.

* * *

Q.: What is a Limerick?

A.: Great Heavens, Cuthbert! After all the trouble we have taken to foster the growth of knowledge in your juvenile cranium (quotation from our prospectus, hem!) your ignorance pains us! A Limerick is what you send with a sixpenny P.O. to help pay for petrol for some newspaper proprietor's motor-car. Incidentally, it is the chief source of income of the Postmaster General.

J. GORDON HOOD.

A Magnificent Introductory Offer.

A DELIGHTFUL ALUMINIUM MATCH-BOX FREE TO ALL BUYERS OF 100 CIGARETTES.

A CHARMING SOUVENIR WORTH 2s. 6d.

There are still some "MODERN MAN" readers who have not tried the celebrated Cigarettes, made by Alexander, Orr & Co. (Cigarette Specialists), and to enlist their sympathies, the manufacturers are making a very bold and liberal offer. The Cigarettes scarcely need any eulogies, for they are of the best quality, made by hand, and have a large following of appreciative connoisseurs. Alexander, Orr & Co. make this offer because they want **MORE** clients, and their recommendations must tell up in the year. The prices are:—

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Turkish, No. 8 ... 50, 2s. 4d.; 100, 4s. 6d.

To every First Purchaser of 100 Cigarettes of either of these Brands, the Manufacturers undertake to Send at Once, Free of Cost, an Aluminium Match-box of the Best Finish and Quality, with Striker suitable for Safety or Non-safety Matches, and quite free from any Advertisement. A Boon to Every Smoker, and worth 2s. 6d. at any Retail Store.

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To **ALEXANDER, ORR & CO.,**
24, Southwark St., London.

Please supply me with One Box (100) Virginia at 3s. or Turkish at 4s. 6d., and send me Match-box free of cost. P.O. enclosed.

Mr. .....

Address .....

.....

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

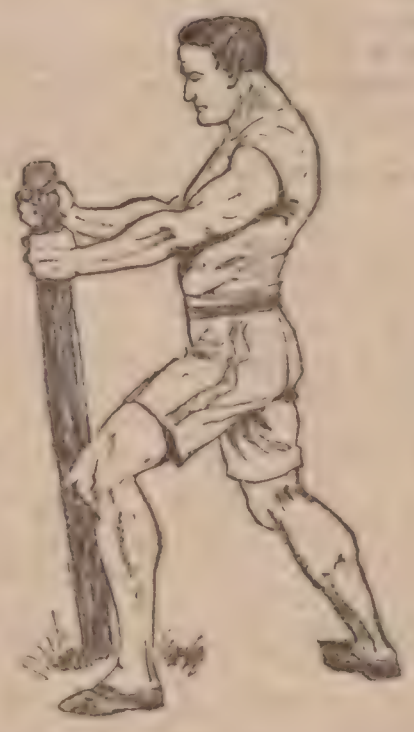
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

ON STAIR-CLIMBING.

Though not usually heralded as a beneficial physical exercise, stair-climbing is exceedingly invigorating, provided the surrounding air is pure.

There are three great benefits to be derived from this exercise: the increase of the lung capacity, the acquiring of proper breath-control and the strengthening of the muscles of the leg.

Naturally there are correct ways of ascent and descent.



In ascending, remember that the ball of the foot should alone come into contact with the stair; the practice of planting down the whole foot produces a nasty jar, which is anything but beneficial to the brain and to the nerves.

The body should be inclined forward, but never bent at the waist, while the breathing need never be interfered with. The mouth should be kept closed.

In descending, the carriage should be erect, the knee only being bent, and the ball of the foot being used as before.

AN EXERCISE FOR GRACE OF FIGURE.

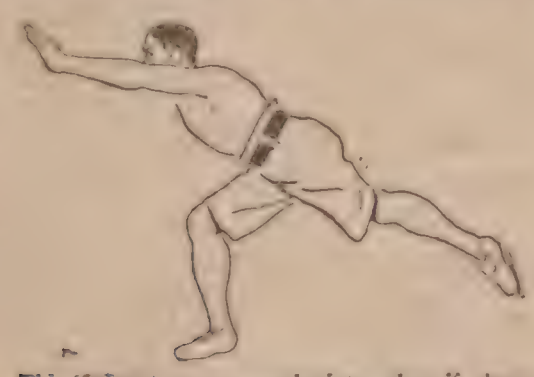
Stand erect with the hands on the hips, and the shoulders forced back.

Raise the right foot from the ground and extend the leg behind you, allowing the body to come forward so as to be in a straight line with the right leg.

Keep the left leg unbent.

Return the leg slowly to the starting position, and repeat the movement with the left leg.

When you have accustomed yourself to the proper poise and balance of the body by doing this exercise several times with the hands on the hips, extend the arms together as in the



This brings every muscle into play if done smartly.

illustration, so that they are as nearly as possible in line with the body and legs.

When the body is as far forward as it will go without overbalancing, bend the leg that bears its weight, and remain in the position illustrated for a few seconds, before returning slowly to the starting position.

It is essential that the arms and the raised leg should be stretched to their fullest extent, and that they should not be bent or allowed to leave their position when the supporting leg is flexed.

AFTER A HEAVY MEAL.

We are often informed that it is the correct thing to lie down and snooze after a hearty meal. It is sometimes very satisfying and pleasant to follow out this mistaken advice, but in doing so, the digestive organs become cramped—a most undesirable state of affairs after dinner.

Here is a little advice on the best way to rest after meals.

Take an easy chair, preferably one with a rest for the head or, failing this, with a back high enough for the head to lean against, without the small of the back being deprived of support.

The feet should be placed upon another chair, a little higher than the one on which you are reclining.

The legs should be crossed at the ankles, and the hands should be clasped in such a manner as to allow the fleshy part of the thumbs to come into contact.

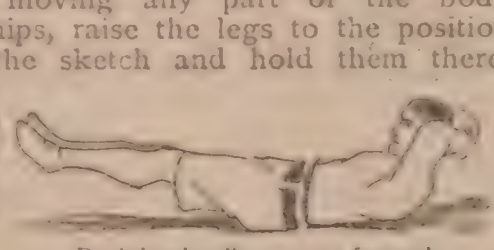
Closing the eyes, take long and steady breaths and, after one or two attempts, you will find that this system of self-magnetism will bring sleep to you in two minutes.

If you make up your mind to awaken at some special time within the next hour, you can generally depend on waking up within a few minutes of the required time.

A SEVERE ABDOMINAL EXERCISE.

Lie at full length on the back on a bed or on the floor with the hands clasped under the head and the toes pointed away from the body.

Without moving any part of the body above the hips, raise the legs to the position shown in the sketch and hold them there, keeping the feet as much as possible in line with the legs.



Don't let the elbows come forward.

Now raise the head, as shown, until you are looking at your feet, and remain in this position while you count ten.

At first you will probably develop a marvellous rapidity in counting, as the position entails a considerable strain on the muscles of the abdomen and thighs.

These will soon become better able to withstand the strain, however, and the position can be maintained for longer at a time.

It is important to note that, when the head is raised, the elbows should not be allowed to come forward; but should be kept almost in the same straight line with the hands.

Do not attempt to do this exercise many times running or to maintain the position illustrated too long, as the exercise is a very trying one, and there is always the risk of a severe strain.

A WORD ABOUT WALKING.

In every crowded thoroughfare, the great majority of pedestrians cut but sorry figures. As a rule, they shamble along, allowing their legs to do every scrap of work required to propel their trunks.

These people make the mistake of thinking that the legs alone should provide the entire energy required when walking.

Instead of the body being allowed to settle, the chest should apparently lead.

Some walkers prefer to dig the heels hard into the ground at each step, while others, a few others who prefer to walk along with more or less dainty toe-step.

In reality, the heel and toe should the ground almost simultaneously, the if anything, being brought down very sl before the fore-part of the foot.

To the abnormally busy city worker, ing is his sole opportunity for improvi physical strength. He has no time elaborate exercises in the early morning, only too glad to make the most of his for sleep, while the day's fatiguing leaves him devoid of all energy for st work in the evening.

This individual, above all others, s make the best possible use of his w hours.

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

A. E. HAYSOM, 40, Manchester Street, Southampton, is organising a MODERN MAN Club in that city. All local readers who are keen on the scheme should communicate with him at once, so that he can arrange for a meeting, at which the subject may be discussed.

F. H. B. (Sevenoaks) informs us that he has heard there is an oil which i. rubbed on a ferret before it is turned in, will prevent its being bitten by rats. He wants to know what this oil is. If any of our readers can supply the information we will be happy to pass it on.

J. F. H. (Walthamstow).—To remove stains from brown leather, try petrol—not, of course, anywhere near a light.

A. H. (Accrington).—At this season you can often pick up a good boat very cheaply—from 30s. onwards. Everything depends on your ability as a buyer.

F. LEWIS, 8, Sussex Street, The Hoe, Plymouth, wants to meet a reader of this paper who is keen on sport and music.

W. H. (Bockley).—Apply to the nearest Post Office for all particulars as to service in the Navy.

A. C. SMITH, 96, Gladstone Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, wants to meet someone who is fond of outdoor life, and, preferably, one who is also fond of fun.

H. G. H. (Manchester).—We don't answer legal questions.

T. J. R. (Treorchy).—Of course the embrocation you described is intended for athletes. Did you think it was meant for a hair-wash?

J. B. L. (Guildford).—Board of Trade certificates are necessary, and the qualifications required for the various grades may be seen in the "Regulations Relating to the Examination of Engineers in the Mercantile Marine." This may be obtained for sixpence through any bookseller.

W. T. (Folkestone).—"I do like to be beside the seaside" was first sung by Mark Sheridan.

H. F. (Southend).—Members of the London Fire Brigade have in most cases served as sailors.

E. H. T. (Fulham).—Candidates for the Royal Irish Constabulary must be between the ages of 19 and 27, must be at least 5ft. 9in. in height, and have a chest of at least 36in., and must be vaccinated. In addition to barrack-room accommodation and rations, recruits get £39 a year, which is increased to £54 12s. a year after six months' service, and rises from this at the rate of £12 every three years to £70 4s., which is the maximum wage for constables. For further particulars apply to the Royal Irish Constabulary Office, Dublin. Mention that you are a friend of ours, and they will be very civil to you.

A. ROBBINS, 7, St. Margaret's Road, Tottenham, wants to be a member of the Hampstead Harriers, and to have a few quiet runs with any reader in the district who contemplates taking up cross-country work. As he points out, a little practice in advance prevents a man from feeling a duffer when first joining a club. We thank Mr. Robbins for his sporting offer.

"YEOMAN" (London, E.C.).—The South African Police Forces are not recruiting in this country now.

S. F. G. (Manchester).—The best training for a would-be actor is in a "fit-up" theatre, where a different play is produced every evening. We would, however, advise you to make the stage your profession; if you do, you will find more thorns than rose-leaves.

T. C. (Salisbury).—No; we should not advise you to go. They don't suit men. Try a comic paper, or be one of the audience.

C. H. (Highgate).—You are wrong in supposing that it was this paper which first nicknamed the Queen's Own Canadian Rifles "Crippen's Own." We rather think the credit belongs to our contemporary the "Sporting Times." Probably the name was suggested from the fact that the steamer which brought them from Canada to Liverpool also conveyed "Dr." Crippen.

B. M. (Stirling).—He must have been pulling your leg. No fish of that weight has ever been caught in the Thames—at least not since the stone age.

C. F. R. (Coventry).—Hoof oil can be had in shilling tins from any saddler. Besides improving the appearance of the horse's hoofs, it prevents them from cracking. Apply it with a flat paint brush, and put it on after you have completed the grooming, for otherwise the dust will stick to it and spoil the effect.

H. J. S. (Faversham).—The front and lower parts of any ordinary piano are easily removed. If you open the top you will find two bolts, one on either side. These release the front, which in turn frees the flap. The framework of wooden hammers may be removed in a similar manner, but we should advise the aid of the local tuner, who would make a satisfactory job where an amateur might fail.

N. H. (Huddersfield). — Gama, Hackenschmidt, Gotch, Cherpillod. These all pose as champions. I think you may drop Zbysco and Madrali from your list.

L. G. (Barnet).—Study the law of libel, old chap, then write us again. We would not print such an article.

N. D. (Chatham).—Yes; by all means keep up your swimming throughout the winter if you feel up to it. But don't overdo it, and take short dips.

P. R. (Portsmouth).—The chief L. and N.W.R. works are at Crewe, the G.W.R. at Swindon, and the L.B. and S.C.R. at Brighton.

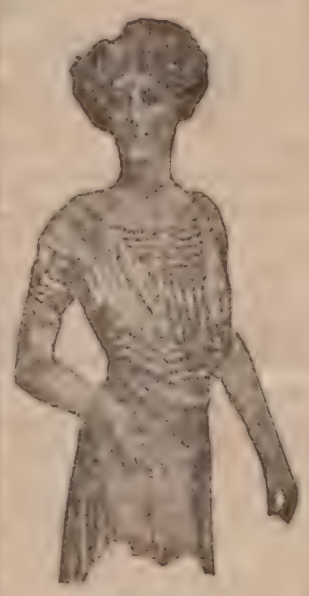
J. H. (Hounslow).—No; we don't want an office gramophone. Too busy. If it's worth selling, why not try our Readers' Sale and Exchange?

W. L. (Cardiff), **J. W. McL.** (Edinburgh), **J. C. C.** (Bournemouth), **A. H. B.** (Abercarn), **J. M. M.** (Edinburgh), **A. K.** (Leicester), **F. J.** (Uxbridge), **C. McD** (Cork), **R. W.** (Balham).—We thank you.

ARE YOU TOO THIN?

I increased my weight by over 28lbs., and from a scraggy, undeveloped youth emerged into robust, muscular, broad-shouldered manhood.

FREE TREATMENT and a VALUABLE BOOK FOR THE THIN, THE FEEBLE, AND THE NERVOUS.



Too Thin—Too Miserable.

EVERYONE must admit that the doctor who has cured himself of some particular malady must be a better "guide, philosopher, and friend" to his fellow-sufferers than he of mere theories.

Now I actually have transformed myself from a lean, cadaverous, emaciated being into a well-proportioned, normal man, enjoying the best of health, and brimful of life's best joys.

Like all unduly thin people, I was hyper-sensitive about my personal appearance.

Tutors plainly told me that my physical shortcomings would materially prevent me making a success as a doctor.

The thought then suggested itself to me that there must be some thousands of other men and women suffering as I, and whilst continuing my studies as a medical student I determined to specialise in the physiology of digestion, with special reference to assimilation and nutrition, so that I might learn the secret of "putting on flesh." After many years of study and experiment I discovered a safe, speedy, scientific, and simple method of producing firm, healthy, muscular tissue and plumpness.

I tried it perseveringly on myself, and I stand to-day a living witness of the fact that the lean, cadaverous, and emaciated may easily be transformed by a simple and safe treatment into plump, robust, and happy beings.

A NERVE-INVIGORATING PROCESS.

The REAL CAUSE of all undue leanness in people is mal-assimilation and mal-nutrition, the result of LACK OF NERVE-FORCE. Emaciation and attenuation are not questions either of appetite or digestion, but LACK OF NERVE-FORCE.

In my new book, entitled "Emaciation—Cause and Treatment," I have fully described and explained this.

THE MAN who is too thin is invariably of an anxious, neurasthenic type, incapable of carrying out the duties of life with vigour and courage.

THE WOMAN who is too thin is anæmic, nervous, worrying, wanting in self-confidence, and is handicapped alongside her plump, self-confident rival, who is bubbling over with joyous vitality.

MY TREATMENT is essentially a NERVE-RESTORING, NERVE-BUILDING, and NERVE-NOURISHING process.

All THIN People can Put on FLESH.

Under my Treatment ALL, whether their scragginess be due to overwork, worry, social exactions, immoderate or careless living, neurasthenic depression, or any other exhausting cause, can increase weight. As their nerves are nourished they gain in health, strength, and vitality. Even those who are still losing flesh are enabled not only to retard the WASTING and WEAKENING process of emaciation, but to quickly regain condition and weight.

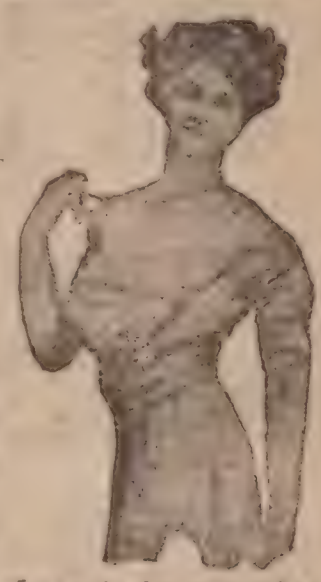
Confident of the truth of these statements, I make the following offer:

No. 1. I will send you a course of treatment, consisting of my NERVE FOOD, sufficient for FOURTEEN DAYS, together with my book, entitled

No. 2. "EMACIATION: CAUSE AND TREATMENT."

No. 3. Copies of and extracts from letters of satisfied patients.

☛ FREE.



I can do for you what I have done for myself and hundreds of others. This lady gained 30lbs in a few weeks.

All I ask on your part is to enclose P.O. for sixpence with your application, to cover cost of postage, &c. My book explains my theory of scientific flesh-building and nerve-feeding fully. It cannot be described in detail here, but the following are a few of the contents:

(1) Mal-Assimilation and Mal-Nutrition.
(2) Getting a beautiful figure.
(3) Women who are attractive.
(4) Men who dominate.
(5) Not too fat, but just fat enough.
(6) The Essence of Life.
(7) Neurasthenic Men and Women.
(8) Nerves that Build Flesh.
(9) Woman at Her Best.
(10) The Fuller Life.
(11) How NOT to Put on Flesh.
(12) Good Figures and Clear Complexions.
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BUSINESS · IS · BUSINESS

SICK OF IT ALL.

There is not a business man who does at times feel sick of his work and everything connected with it. He thinks of his chances of his pay, of promotion, and of how much money he will get at the end of the week after every account has been paid. Then it is not very

often that he considers whether he could not be better employed to break away from his present life altogether, and to emigrate or to join the Army.

Moments like these generally come to a man when he is working late and alone. They seem very black then, and sometimes it is right that they should. It may be that a man has been working for years in a wrong groove, and that the fact does not strike him until he meets with a time of extra pressure or has a quarrel with his chief.

There are some trades that are decaying, and as in the case of sinking ships, the sooner those connected with such trades leave them the better for themselves.

In most cases, however, a man feels disgusted with his job without any such justification.

Probably he is run down in health, and ill-health means unpleasant thoughts. A man knows whether he is feeling fit or not, and if, when he asks himself the question, he realises that he really is "not in the pink," it would be well for him to spend half-a-crown or so on a visit to the nearest doctor.

Often, however, it is not ill-health that makes a man feel heartily sick of his occupation, but merely the monotony of it. Day after day, and week after week, it is the same old grind to the average man, and human nature rebels.

Often a holiday is all that is needed to put things right. If a week is out of the question it may be possible to get a day off. If neither cannot be managed, you can, at least, give yourself a new interest in life and alter your outlook by spending in a different way what leisure you have at your disposal. Often the simple expedient of a visit to the music-hall may alter a man's outlook and bring him back to work on the following day with renewed energy and interest. The joining of an athletic club will also give him a fresh interest in life for a time.

The best definition of work is something done against resistance. Work is productive, but not merely pleasurable. It is not an entertainment and cannot be expected to be altogether pleasant.

The real difficulty which the average worker has to overcome is sheer boredom. He becomes tired of his duties, and he gets through them only because the money necessary for existence depends upon his doing so. A frame of mind like that simply doubles the burden of labour.

The man who can retain his interest in his work who gets on and who makes money, but he does not retain his interest by mere power alone, but by keeping himself in good health and by having outside interests.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

Markets on the Stock Exchange are still marking time, although in Rubber shares and Rhodesians there has been considerable liquidation, with consequent fall in prices. Mexican concerns still show slow but steady improvement.

The Mexican Railway Company's traffic for the second week in September was a bumper, which is accounted for by the Centenary celebrations. By the time this appears in print, the dividend will have been declared, and the only question is—will there be any distribution for the half-year on the Ordinary? I, for one, do not think so, as, although I reckon there will be enough left over after paying the full 6 per cent. on the Second Preference to pay about 1 per cent. on the Ordinary, the directors will very likely carry the amount forward for distribution next time.

The prospects of the line for this half-year—already showing a gross increase of £16,000, up to and including the second week in September—are splendid, and not only will the Second Preference receive their dividend in full for the current half-year, but the Ordinary stock holders will probably receive 2½ per cent. on their holdings.

Americans, Canadians, and Grand Trunks still show very little change, and prices are only maintained in the present general depression by the increased traffics published, especially in the Canadian Pacific.

Rhodesians are still very dull, and the majority of movements in prices are downwards. This market must be very disheartening to the "bulls," and the investment outlook, except in a very few instances, is anything but promising.

RUBBER.

The shares in this market have also been having an Irishman's rise; but the outlook for the investor is now more hopeful for the sound properties. I say sound properties because there are a great many swindles quoted in the daily official list; but estates that can, and will, grow rubber, will show excellent results to the investor on reasonable capitalisation, even should the price of crude rubber fall to 2s. 6d. per lb.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. A. (Brixton).—I strongly advise you to have no dealings with the firm you inquire about.

G. M. (Brixton).—If the loss of the amount you mention is of any moment to you, I think you had better leave speculation alone.

R. G. (Glasgow).—Thank you for your offer. I am glad to know that you made money by following my advice, but I respectfully beg to decline to share your gains.

J. P. (Dunstable).—I can give you the names of several reliable outside brokers, if that is what you want.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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can wear a "Wolsingham," "Sutton Overcoat" and be proud of it. Style, character, and good workmanship distinguish every garment we produce, and our goods compare favourably with those for which other firms charge at least twice as much. Booklet M.N. will tell you how we do it. Send for it to-day.

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WE WILL Send One of our Non- Magnetic Swiss Lever Watches to any address on receipt of 6d. deposit, and upon last payment of 6d. weekly, 5s. in all. Keyless action; gun-metal or solid nickel case; chased dial; guaranteed for 12 months. A watch fit for any nobleman in the land. Send 6d. Postal Order (and 3d. for postage and package. Our 2s. 6d. Safety Razor given free with Watch.

Money cheerfully returned if for any reason whatever you do not like the watch.

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Are you sure of your job? Write us, and we will send you per return our Prospectus, which tells how you can be sure of 20s. per week when out of work. It clearly explains how you can secure a regular weekly amount for three months during unemployment.

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You can be cheerful when you know that "All's Well" at Home.

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THE SALT-WITHOUT-A-TALE

A SKETCH.

By F. CONYERS.

Now, what follows cost me exactly one shilling and a pipe of tobacco. On the credit side is ten minutes of very good sport.

When I dropped upon a relic of the old school of yarn-spinning "salt" on the beach, I was amazed, as much as I had read of them in books and dreamt of them in day-dreams, I had never actually seen one, in the pose beloved of novelists, to date. This one was sitting on a genuine sea-chest gazing out to sea. Occasionally he put his telescope to his eye. Yet, I am certain that never once did he sight anything more startling than a shrimp-boat in the offing.

I asked for it. I walked up to him. I gave him the "time o' day." Did not correct him when he called me "Cap'n." Wherefore, offering me a seat on his right and accepting a pipe of tobacco as a little on account, he began.

"Talkin' about parrots," he said. (I pinched myself. As we had talked about nothing of the sort, I imagined that he was one of Mr. W. W. Jacob's characters come to life.) "Talkin' about parrots, if you ain't above payin' attention to a man 'oo's been follerin' the sea all these years—I could tell you somethin' which, if you was a writin' chap, would make your fortin' over and over again. Take my life ——"

"Limit it to parrots," I suggested.

"Him wot pays the piper calls the tune," said the old salt, significantly. "I was goin' to tell you about my *amoors* which I'm told makes very pop'lar readin', nowadays, but if you don't want to 'ear nothin' about the time that that young woman at Ascension run off with me, well, there you are, you don't want to 'ear it, do ye? Very well, then, you sha'n't. Not but what I don't mind tellin' you that she regretted it very much afterwards.

"And, I say, before you make up your mind that you don't want to 'ear about her, let me tell you that she was the prettiest bit of brown girl you ever saw, and (No, no, 'ear me out, sir) she never wore no more than *that!*"

He held up perhaps a square six inches of grimy bandana handkerchief.

"And sometimes it sl——"

I cut him off in the middle of the word.

"Look here," I said. "There's a shilling. Now, then, start again. 'Talkin' about parrots,' you said."

"I did. I don't deny it. No one can say that Bill Hawkins (man and boy afore the mast this twenty-five year) ever went back on his word."

He twitched aside suddenly and turned an eye to the side of his box.

"You should always look at the person to whom you are relating the story," I reminded him. "It's rude to turn your face away. Besides, they might even think you weren't telling the truth, you know." (I began to have certain suspicions.)

My "old salt" turned round square to me and scratched his head.

"Don't tell me," he said, "that you're findin' fault with my moral kerecter? Oh, *yes*, I know what a moral kerecter is, I do. I ain't one of your stupid, uneddicated mortals. I went to school, *I* did. I learned to read and write, and I ha' never forgot it. Never forgot it ——"

He tried to keep one eye fixed on me, and, at the same time, slew the other round to the left.

"But look here," I said, "you haven't learned how to do *that* act gracefully. Looking straight ahead with one eye and hard-a-port with another isn't exactly one of your most faultless accomplishments. Come now, I've paid the shilling; let's have the story about the parrot."

"The story about the parrot?" he said vaguely. "Story? Ah, well, as I was sayin', talkin' about parrots—er—I *know* you'd like ——"

"No. Hang the brown girl at Ascension," I said sternly, but a glance over his shoulder had convinced me that there was, undoubtedly, good ground for my suspicions, and it was all I could do to keep back an accusing laugh.

He was all *hauteur* immediately.

"Sir," he said, "my observation to you was: 'Talkin' about parrots, I know you'd like,' wasn't it? Very well. You didn't let me finish. I was goin' to say that I know you'd like to have a parrot like this brown girl o' mine had. There!"

His voice had risen crescendo to a pæan of triumph. I knew he had only choked back "That's got cher!" just in time.

Yet I bowed to the words he had not said and preserved silence.

After a pause of quite a minute, he observed that the parrot in question had been a nice bird with a very full eye. It had grey feathers, I gathered further, and could say "Kiss Poll" and "Dammit."

This failing to raise any keen interest, he seemed stuck again temporarily, and I turned my batteries full on him.

"Look here," I said. "For my shilling I want to hear a sight more about that than what you've told me!"

He said nothing. He merely look... to sea, romantically—and played his la...

"As a matter of plain fact, sir," ... "the parrot's owner was so lovely, ... when the—don't be 'arsh with an old ... sir!—'specially when the sun was shini... I 'ardly noticed the parrot at all. ... would any young sailor lad, sir, ... 'eart in 'im. After sailin' the winter ... years and years. The same old ... world so many dozens o' times, and one ... again it was the spice o' life to co... this young—young brown-skinned che... Nature——"

"Stop," I said. "Now, once and ... the brown girl is absolutely barred! ... map—not in the hunt—foundered—sunk ...

The "old salt" buried his face ... hands.

I might have murdered the girl, he ... to take it to heart so.

"Then, dang it," he almost wept, ... I. Here, if you want to know ab... bloomin' parrot," he raised his face ... reached a hand down behind the bo... on and threw me an ancient, open, ... magazine, "read about it!

"It's so long since any genelman ... 'ear the parrot story after I'd got ... bit where the wearin' apparel of the ... girl slipped that—that I've forgotten ... blinkin' word!"

ONE'S OWN BILLIARD TABLE

That people are no longer content ... having to go to public rooms to get ... of billiards is shown by the report ... year's trading of one of the leading ... table makers in this country. Messrs. ... Riley, Limited, Accrington, in declar... usual dividend of 10 per cent. on ... shares, report that they have been ... busy on private orders for miniature ... as well as full-sized ones, and when ... siders that it is possible to install ... miniature tables from £3 7s. 6d. up... is not surprising that the idea of ha... own table in the home has become ... one. The game on one of these is ... with that played on a full-sized ta... is possible to become a really good ... practising on them.

Rightly has it been said that ... game can compare with billiards—... when this game of games can be ... your own home.

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The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality o... duction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or sa... gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver ... safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s. ... tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

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Address.....

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PLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD·SELBY'S·POWER

By ADAM STERN.

telephone bell rang, and I took up the receiver.
llo," he called. "Selby, yes. Who's . . . Ah, how are you? . . . "
Glanced at the clock.
" got an appointment at five," he went
"There's half an hour to spare. Will
now, or shall I see you after—
six? . . . You'll come now?
Lo."
up.
Reverend Mr. Ellis," he informed
wants a chat." He resumed his inter-
work. "I like that man," he com-
He ought to have been in business."
ill smiled at the unconscious egotism.
ichard's opinion a commercial career
only one suited to the best men.
ive a reason," he said.
ecause he 'phoned. Then, if I were
I could get rid of him in five seconds.
d called, it would have taken as many
..."
ike," said Graill.
't mention it," returned Richard drily.
a time no sound disturbed the silence
scratch of Graill's pen on paper.
, with a pencil, was sketching with
okes the plan of a chain-testing
ie which he had conceived during lunch
ur or two before.
nock only partially disturbed him.
me in," he called, without lifting his

Reverend John Ellis entered—a clean-
, earnest-looking man, with compelling
eyes, and a mouth continually atwitch
rvous energy.
me a nuisance," he said, "for
you in business hours."
rd rose immediately with a smile.
t at all," he said heartily.
have a definite object."
d it. Take a chair. You know
l Graill."
ment was expended in exchanging
, then the curate, sitting down, un-
a newspaper he carried in his hand.
he Moulden News,' Selby," he said.
mid-day edition?"
rd nodded. "Everybody's got it,"
rved.
can wonder—with such a startling
ts bill! THE MEN TO STRIKE. The
o strike, Selby! Is it true?"
've read Ainsworth's leader, I expect.
us to think so; and he's usually well-
ed."
I know that, and his arguments to
riate the statement are powerful, but
s he up to? Is it a journalistic scoop
rk fact?"
t d'you want to know for?" asked
bluntly.
should I want to know!" The
gestured. "Humanity, Selby. It
be grievous—a calamity. The women
locked out, the men to follow—and
approaching! I have had no experi-
strikes—I was in an agricultural parish
ame here—and, perhaps, I exaggerate
sequences; but I tell you, Selby, the
t of what this may mean strikes a chill
heart."
ou don't exaggerate," concurred
l, briefly. "They're pretty uncomfort-
ings."
th, one inevitable?"
d surveyed him with inscrutable eyes
answering.
nsworth," he said at length, "stepped
first thing this morning to ask me the
ame question."
en his leader was inspired by you?"

"No."

"I beg your pardon. Go on."

"I told him," said Richard, deliberately; "it was none of my business."

There was a pause. The curate's mobile mouth twitched as he watched him. He was evidently labouring under deep feeling.

"Is that your answer to me?" he asked.

"Yes."

A sudden transforming smile lit the curate's face.

"Bunkum!" he exclaimed. "I won't accept it."

"You'll have to," said Richard.

"All Moulden is your business."

"Not this time. I stand outside."

The curate's smile died away as quickly as it had come. He knew resolution when he saw it.

"You could prevent it if you would," he said sadly.

"I prevent it?" Richard gave a short laugh. "You either over-estimate my influence," he said, "or you fail to appreciate the present difficulty. Let me put it to you as it *is*. The women came out voluntarily in order to make their fight for the new minimum wage-rate that has been fixed. I engineered that. I saw there was no other course if they were to escape being juggled out of their rights. I appealed to the public for funds to support them. I didn't appeal in vain. The women have been out three weeks, and already there's more than enough subscribed to keep them for a further six. Graill there is attending to the technical labour of it, sending acknowledgments and so on, and look at his five-barred forehead!

"Well, that part's all right, and we can afford to sit tight until the other side make a move."

"When do you anticipate they will?" put in the curate.

"We shall see," answered Richard, non-committally. "Then this new feature develops," he proceeded. "The women's lock-out has hardly existed a week when the men wake up to the fact that they also want something. Unrest, Ellis, is as contagious as fever; have you ever noticed it? Their's is an ancient complaint revived. In the chain trade there is, and always has been, a certain amount of work given out to those who have a forge at home, in the wash-house or a back shed or somewhere. It's called contracting-out.

"Well, this hits those in legitimate employ—not when trade is brisk and there's something for all to do, but when it's slack—for the out-worker is always ready to cut a bit below the standard price. So now we've got the regulars clamouring for contracting-out to be made illegal, and they threaten to strike in a body if it isn't done."

"Ainsworth's to blame," interposed Ellis. "The whole of the past three weeks he has been filling his paper with inflammatory articles urging the men to take the step. The whole town is in a ferment. Coming along to you just now the streets seemed alive with men. Hardly anybody can be at work as it is."

"You forget it's Monday," said Richard. "The chain hand, after a good week, feels he has failed in his duty if he gets sober before Tuesday morning."

"Not usually so bad as this," said the curate, with an emphatic gesture. "Mr. Selby, you assert you are standing aloof. Why? Isn't the cause of the men as dear to you as that of the women? You are a man's man; I should have thought it would have been more so. Will you allow this pestilential adversity to come upon the town without even attempting to stop it?"

"The men can look after themselves," answered Richard, curtly. "I am defending the women. I am seeing that they get strike pay of four shillings every week. The men want my aid because they think they'll get similar treatment—strike pay equivalent to their larger earnings. They'd much enjoy a holiday on those terms."

Richard's laugh was grim.

"Nevertheless," he continued, "a strike of the men would immensely strengthen my hand against the employers. They're aware of that fact up to the hilt. That's why they're keeping a wary eye on my movements. You say I can prevent the strike. I don't agree. But I'll acquaint you with this much: I've only got to lift my hand, I've only got to give a lead, and the strike will *happen*."

There was an iron ring in his voice which brought the Reverend John Ellis to his feet.

"You won't give it," he said, twitching.

"It depends," said Richard, slowly.

"You said it was none of your business!"

"So you take hope after all from that," said Richard, with a hard smile. "So do the employers—the men who would like to go on grinding down these women. Well, I am not committed. To look on has been my attitude so far—whether it will remain so—depends."

"You are a man who could be cruel, Selby," said the curate.

"Maybe," said Richard.

"Only to be kind," added the curate, with renewed transfiguration of the countenance. "I pin my faith to that, at all events!"

"Ah!" Richard stood up. "An appointment at 'The Crown' hotel at five," he said. "Sorry to have to quit."

"I'll stroll in that direction with you, if I may."

"Right-ho. Sha'n't be long, Graill."

They walked along the street together.

"There's another factor in the situation," intimated Richard. "That's the middleman. I'm on the way to have an interview with their representative now. They necessarily enter considerably into the employers' calculations, who have to study their views, because to a great extent the trade is done through them. Direct transaction between maker and user is more the exception than the rule."

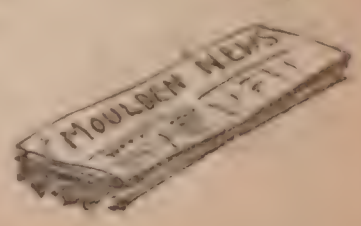
"And what line are the middlemen taking?" inquired the curate, anxiously.

"I think," said Richard, "it may turn out to be the line of least resistance."

"Surrender?"

"It is possible."

"Thank God!"



"Yes," said Richard, gravely, "it will be something to thank God for."

He turned as a hand grasped his sleeve.

"Yo'm keepin' mum, Richard Selby," growled a toil-bitten chainmaker; "yo'm keepin' mum, and theer's *that* starin' yer in the face!"

He flung a blackened finger towards a "Moulden News" placard outside a newsagent's shop.

"Yes," added another man, fiercely, "and, by God, the men *will* strike afore the day's out."

In a trice they were surrounded by a small crowd of men, each expressing the same meaning in gruff, menacing tones.

"Clear out of the way," said Richard, distinctly. "It's no good appealing to me. I've got my hands full already."

But they would not give.

"What d'*yo*' say? Ain't what us is askin' on'y fair? Ain't it time this blasted back-door game was stopped? Us can do wi'out out-workers. Let 'em get a proper job and tek proper wage. Gi'e us *yo'r* word on it, Richard Selby."

With a sudden twist of his powerful shoulders, Richard heaved back his nearest attendants.

"You've had it," he replied. "A score of times you've had it. I'm going to get the women this minimum wage, and till that job's done, I do nothing."

"Is us to strike?"

"Do what the hell you like."

A hulking fellow with threatening demeanour thrust his scowling face close to Richard's.

"That yo'r last word?" he demanded. "Eh?—that yo'r last word?"

"Last word," echoed Richard. "There'll be a devil of a lot of words come from me long after you're under the sod, Tom Begg. Out o' the road, now!"

But Begg stood his ground, doggedly repeating the demand. Richard's face darkened.

"No man forces a last word from me," he said, and he drove his fist hard between the other's eyes. "Take him home and sober him," he ordered. "Come along, Ellis."

In silence they covered a short distance; then Richard stopped and unceremoniously put out his hand.

"So long," he said.

"Oh—er—so long," said the Reverend Mr. Ellis, with a start. "I was wondering whether you hurt him."

"Bless you, he likes it," returned Richard.

In another minute he entered the commercial room of "The Crown" Hotel, looked about, and made straight for a well-dressed man in a grey suit, with a fair moustache and alert eyes.

They sat down and had a drink together, and a rapid conversation ensued. Mr. Logan's manner was argumentative and persuasive; Richard's curt, incisive, and inflexibly determined.

At length he rose.

"Very well," he said. "I'll see you and Bradlaw to-night, though it will be a waste of time unless you can induce him to yield. As a bit of information, Bradlaw *is* the Moulden Chain-Makers' Association; the other members don't count. What he does they'll do. . . . You'll find me either at the works or at 'The Hare and Hounds,' where I'm putting up just now."

He was at the latter place, in company with Graill, standing by the bar, when, at about nine o'clock, William Bradlaw and Mr. Logan came in.

The smoke-room was crowded. Excitement was at fever heat, both within doors and without. It was generally felt that Moulden, never a peaceable township, intended to excel itself that night.

Logan's eyes held an apprehensive look as he pushed through to Richard. Bradlaw, on the other hand, was as usual—stout, slow-moving, and impassive, like an expressionless ox.

"How do, Richard?" he said, and nodded to Graill.

"How do?" said Richard. "What y' having?"

As he beckoned Mark, Logan said: "We can't talk here in all this racket. Isn't there a quiet room somewhere?"

"Nowt to talk about," said Bradlaw, lighting a cigar.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Logan testily. "For goodness' sake, be reasonable! We can't stand our ground. We never ought to have taken up such a position at the beginning. The women have been sweated; nobody can deny it. Let them enjoy the benefit of the new order of things without any more fuss. You've got to do it sooner or later."

"It'll be later," said Bradlaw laconically. "Good 'ealth, Richard." He drank. "Logan's trouble is," he added without haste, "he's afraid he'll get no chain."

"Certainly grounds for doubting it," said Richard.

"I should think so, too," complained Logan. "A general strike will mean suspension of trade for heaven knows how long! The nuisance of it is, it's unnecessary. The middlemen are prepared to pay the increased prices which this new wage-rate will bring about. We know it can't be avoided. Then why not give in? It's stubbornness, sheer stubbornness. Meanwhile the men——!" He tossed his head with impatience.

"Think they'll strike?" inquired Bradlaw of Richard. He seemed remotely amused by the possibility.

"I offer no opinion," said Richard.

"Ah!" Bradlaw puffed reflectively at his cigar. "Well, Richard, lad," he asked pleasantly, "what is it you're really wanting?"

"An undertaking to pay the women the minimum wage right away."

"You want too much. Why, Act of Parliament don't expect it for six months."

"A fine chance to be generous, William."

"I endorse that view," said Mr. Logan with decision.

Bradlaw ignored him. "If you don't get it?" he pursued.

"We don't budge. The women stay out."

"And this 'ere?" With a slow jerk of the head Bradlaw indicated the turbulent atmosphere about them.

"Nothing to do with me," said Richard.

"Ain't it? Well—here's the women asking for one thing and the men for someat else. Say, for the sake o' argument, we do satisfy the women, where's the men coming in? They won't be satisfied. They want someat entirely different."

"That's their affair and yours," said Richard, unmoved.

"The one difficulty arises out of the other," interposed Mr. Logan; "settle the first, and the other will probably collapse. Without a doubt the women have been stirring up their men-folk. Remove their grievance, and the result will be exactly contrary."

But Bradlaw's attention was concentrated on Richard. The two men regarded each other fixedly. It was as though an understanding existed between them of deeper things than anyone else suspected.

"Will they strike?" inquired Bradlaw softly.

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"Yes," said Richard. "Yes, they'll strike."

"Then," began Bradlaw, raising his fi bring it down on the counter——

But an interruption occurred. Outside uproar arose, and the swing doors pushed violently open, and an un elderly man fought his way in, panting was Frank Orton, a chain manufacture member of the Association.

"Where's Richard Selby?" he "The market-place is packed full o yelling for him. There'll be murder and struction done if he don't go and pacify 'e

The news created a sensation. Graill pulsively clutched Richard's arm, only to shaken off.

"Quiet," commanded Richard in a tone. "The time's come."

He faced the smoke-room. Orton gesticulating and talking incoherently.

"Shut your mouth," growled Bradlaw, sh ing him aside. He turned to Richa "You've done it," he said. "Now go undo it."

Richard pulled his pouch out of his po and commenced to fill his pipe.

"Not me, William," he said.

"You'll do it on terms?"

"Yes."

"Then by G—d, you won't —Bradlaw wheeled massively to the and ordered a drink. "What's Richard?" he asked unemotionally.

"Scotch," said Richard.

"But—but—" Logan looked at them in may. "Can Selby stop this riot if you, B law, give in? Is that it, Selby? answer!"

"The police are out," gasped Orton. daren't do nothing. They want Selby."

"They'll have to want," said Richar

"Bradlaw, I appeal to you," pe Logan, agitated.

"Best save your breath," answered B law.

"You're mad—both of you. I can't u this. I can't understand."

"Then don't try," said Richard, st match.

Graill laughed. "More fun," he mut as the swing doors were pushed wide and several chain-workers crowded in.

They plunged straight towards Richa "Yo'm the man," they cried. "C wi' yo'! They'm all follerin'. They'm side. Come on."

"I stick here," said Richard.

"We're waitin' for ye. We want There's gooin' to be 'ell and smash ter Richard. Bradlaw's place just. Some 'em's gone theer a'ready!"

"By gad, *have* they!" said Bradlaw tonishingly alive all in a moment. He down his drink and charged out.

"Exit the elephant," quoth Richard, *voce*. "Jim, the temperature's mounting

Aloud, to the men he said: "Keep hands off. I've given you my decis to blazes. . . . Mark!"

The ex-pugilist landlord was beh bar not a yard away watching the exci exultantly. He hurried up.

Richard leaned over the counter and pered to him.

"The big first-floor window open and two naphtha lamps—one blazing ea You've got 'em handy? . . . Rig flurry, now, but slick as lightning."

Then for ten minutes he stood smoking, an onlooker of a scene of pan nium. Outside in the street there was a roar. The smoke-room was altern emptied and re-filled, as men went out t what was happening and entered propelle a similar motive.

Logan was silent and white-lipped,

teeth meeting through his cigar. Graill essayed to copy Richard's unconcern, and was whistling no tune at all. Orton had disappeared. Mark came back, nodding his head to signify that instructions had been obeyed. Just then Bradlaw returned, his face purple and streaming with perspiration. He was accompanied by a dapper little man—Ainsworth, the editor of the "Moulden News."

"*My* place is safe, at any rate," affirmed Bradlaw heavily. "There's a cordon of police round."

"Safe at present," said Richard.

Bradlaw smiled grimly, and placed a hand on his shoulder and on Ainsworth's.

"Satisfied—you two?" he queried.

"In what way?" returned Ainsworth innocently.

"Bah, you don't fool me. You've worked this thing between you. If Richard 'ere had bin openly siding with the men, think they'd 'ave struck? Yes, they might ha' done, but they'd ha' done it quiet, like the women. There wouldn't ha' bin no rumpus; none'd ha' bin required. They'd ha' bin cocksure they'd get their way without. But because there was a doubt about it—because they wasn't sure o' theirselves——"

"They expressed their sense of impotence by bellowing," Ainsworth good-humouredly concluded. "Quite so, Bradlaw; there may be something in what you say. . . . This will interest you, Selby." He read from a paper in his hand. "'Resolved to recommend the members of the Moulden Chain Makers' Association to consent forthwith to the new minimum rate being obligatory on them' . . . Bradlaw, the chairman, will sign. He has just said as much. Here's a fountain pen."

"Thanks," said Richard. "Now I'll cut upstairs and preach patience to the men through the first-floor window. William, contracting-out will have to be abolished before long, but I don't imagine you'll object."

"Mebbe not," agreed Bradlaw gruffly. "Er—Richard."

Richard stopped on his way to the door. Bradlaw advanced.

"You've won clever," he said; "but you've won fair. Shake."

They shook.

"I say," said Logan, filling the pause which followed Richard's exit; "can he really do it?"

"Listen to that infernal row."

"Do it!" said Bradlaw contemptuously. "You wait a minute till he appears at that window."

A thunderous cheer resounded, prolonged, far-reaching, triumphant. Then it died away to silence.

"Power, I call it," said Bradlaw heavily. "Let's go up and hear what he's saying."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—Editor.]

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Window-gardening may seem after all a poor substitute for the real thing, but it is all that is possible to many men—especially to dwellers in flats.

There is far more opening for the display of taste and skill in the planning and raising of a really pretty "window garden" than is commonly allowed.

The decoration of the box itself is the first consideration, and this may be done with coloured tiles, or virgin cork, or with billets of pine wood with the bark on. Various other designs will no doubt suggest themselves, according to the size and shape of the window.

Throughout the winter the box can be kept bright with bulbs, which should be planted at once, and these may be followed in spring with wallflowers, which flourish in boxes.

Later still, there will be a variety of other plants to choose from. Geraniums, marguerites, and mignonette are, perhaps, the favourites, but there is no need to restrict oneself to these.

A few ivy geraniums to hang over the edge of the box should certainly form part of the scheme, and stonecrop, creeping Jenny, and similar plants will also be invaluable in breaking the hard outline of the box and decorating its front.

Canary creeper, nasturtiums, and other fast-growing annual climbers will be most useful to train round the window frame, if the surrounding wall is not already covered with creeper.

Chrysanthemums will provide a fine show of colour in the window box at this season.

* * *

A point for the window-gardener to remember in winter is that plants of which the roots are saturated in water are more likely to suffer from frost than if kept rather dry.

In making or ordering the box see that it is well supplied with holes at the bottom for drainage purposes, and that it is raised an inch or so from the window sill by a block of wood at each end, in order that the water may have a chance to run away.

Window plants, like all others, require plenty of fresh air, and it is a common mistake to keep those grown in pots inside a close room through the winter instead of on the window-sill. The result is usually that they suffer from the attacks of insects.

If any of the summer window plants are to be saved, they should be potted at once.

Geraniums will stand a few degrees of frost and may, therefore, be left in for a time. A paper spread over them on the first appearance of cold weather will protect them greatly.

If they are potted now and cut down and placed in a dark cellar or shed for the winter, it is quite possible to save geraniums until next year, even without a greenhouse. If you are unable to obtain young plants cheaply in the spring, and have the space available, this course is to be recommended.

C. B. Stainer.

'CHASING.

CHANGES THAT WILL SOON COME OVER THE SPORT OF KINGS.

With the gradual but ever-increasing anxiety of the sun to get away from us as early as possible, a decided metamorphosis may be observed to come over the sport of racing. Despite the fact that the flat-race season does not close until well into November, it declines rapidly after the autumn meeting at Doncaster.

But in the same way, the steeplechase season comes into being, and flourishes apace. And the real sportsman, the man who loves sport for the actual excitement which any form of contest arouses within him, hails the 'chasing season gladly.

It may not provide so much betting, or bulge out the bookmakers' satchels in the same way as the game on the flat; but for all that there is an element of real sport in it, an element of risk both to horse and rider, which commends it to the man who goes *racing* rather to the man who is simply on the make.

Just as the present-day form of cricket on wickets like billiard-tables, has been evolved from a more rugged form of contest which was good enough for our grandfathers—good luck to them—so has the modern flat-race, with its carefully tended courses, its freakish animals, and its imp-like riders, come down to us from a better day, when Englishmen loved a horse for the sake of the sport he gave in a glorious gallop over any sort of country.

It is in the steeplechase, that we get some sort of similarity to the sport that obtained in the good old days. The frequenters of such meetings are of a different type, as a rule, from the hooligan-like person who is the preponderating element at meetings on the flat.

The National Hunt meeting, unless, of course, it is in one of the immediate suburbs of London, does not attract the "boys" in anything like so great a degree. The attendance, too, is not so numerous. But practically everybody on the course is a sportsman, a man whose primary object in coming there is to see sport, and not to make money out of it.

In this connection, of course, we are talking of the onlookers, and the greater part of the owners; but there are, naturally, a certain number of men who race their horses with no other object than to sell them at the species of auction that is often held at the conclusion of the day's racing. These sort of men, however, are to be found in every sport; and their type is fully as prominent under Jockey Club as it is under the National Hunt Rules.

In every way, we see a difference between the summer and the winter code in racing. First of all, the jockeys are men, and not diminutive starvelings, and the work they do takes all a man's spirit. As a well-known steeplechase jockey once remarked to the writer, "Whenever we put our legs over a horse, we know that we may not finish the race."

Then, again, the average jumper is a different type of animal to the flat-racing crack. He is a horse, and he looks like one. The other looks like an over-grown greyhound, and he gives one the impression that if a man of any appreciable weight mounted him, there would be one thoroughbred less for the British public to "follow."

The spirit of the steeplechase, as a race, is undeniably a far more sporting one than the event in which a certain number of horses dash from one point to another over a carefully prepared track. There is a thrill in every second of a race over the sticks.

The man who has never yet been on a racecourse, but intends doing so, will be well advised if he takes his first day's race-going under N.H. rules. It is long odds that if he does, he will want to take many more, while should he, in the summer, be prevailed upon to attend a flat-race meeting, he will at once realise the vast difference in the two sports.

R. B. Coulson.

THE OUTER MAN.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE MATCH POCKET

Smokers will welcome this, the latest idea in pockets, and when ordering the next suit, they will be well advised to instruct the tailor accordingly,

If the match pocket becomes as popular as it deserves to be, we shall have seen the last of the "can-you-oblige-with-a-light" fiend; there will be no excuse for forgetting matches, a tap at the side of the coat reminding one of their absence before starting out.

The match pocket is cut inside the lining of the side coat pocket. At first the feeling of having this new cut in the cloth will seem strange. The slit will, perhaps, feel like a tear, but the idea is a good one, and may lead to other specialities on similar lines.

I await the approach of the "pipe pocket," the "pack of cards" pocket, and similar useful receptacles in the near future.

NEW STYLE OF CARDIGAN.

With the advent of October most of us begin to think of winter clothing, and I have noticed among the novelties that are now on sale a fancy waistcoat with sleeves that should appeal to the man who wishes to combine warmth with a smart appearance.

For the last year or two a certain type of woollen fancy waistcoat has been much in vogue, of which the material is very soft and elastic—it is known, I believe, as "fleece."

The garment is usually of some fancy shade of colour—blues, greens, and browns being especially patronised—while it is edged with a broad band of some different colour or shade. The buttons are either of bone or leather.

Waistcoats exactly similar to these are now made with sleeves, which, of course, can be turned back so as not to show beyond the cuff of the jacket.

Being of soft wool, these sleeves do not in any way impede the action of the arms, while they add greatly to the warmth and comfort. It is impossible to keep the hands really warm in winter unless the arms and wrists are properly protected.

These waistcoats are so elastic that they can easily be worn above an ordinary waistcoat in very cold weather.

The sleeved waistcoat is really an up-to-date form of what was known to an earlier generation as a Cardigan waistcoat, a knitted woollen garment which is still worn by many working men.

FANCY VESTS AGAIN.

Variety seems to be the order of the times as far as clothes are concerned, and there are many who will welcome the promised return of the fancy waistcoat for autumn and winter wear.

At present there is a growing demand for fleece vest goods of distinctive designs, the most popular colours this year being green and brown shades. Bright-coloured braid shows every sign of incoming popularity.

Nothing can look smarter than a fancy vest of a tasteful design and shade, but the variegated—I may say gaudy—article which is forced beneath our gaze in shop windows and in the street is usually hideous in the extreme.

If you go in for this style of waistcoat, be careful to exercise a certain amount of judgment on the harmony of the colours of both tie and vest.

THE END OF THE CLINGING TROUSER.

During the past six months a change has been wrought in the all-important matter of trousers.

Gradually the tight-fitting garment has disappeared, giving place to a far more comfortable article of clothing, in the shape of a looser and more roomy trouser.

While I do not favour anything approaching the comic "bags" worn with such success by Mr. T. E. Dunville and others of the humorous fraternity, I have never regarded with pleasure those clinging garments which display the very knee bones.

Tailors, or at least those who cater for the man of moderate means, are apt to lay but little stress on the subject of lower garments, exerting as they do their whole art on beautifying the jacket.

Impress upon your tailor the fact that you have determined to study comfort—which, now, in the matter of trousers, is identical with the dictates of fashion—and your clothes will last the longer.

PACKING UP THE SUMMER CLOTHES.

With the cold weather fast approaching, most men are beginning to think of storing away any of their summer clothes, which they hope may serve them for the next warm season.

Many suits are, in a way, spoilt by being folded up and packed in trunks or drawers with camphor. The obnoxious odour will gain a hold on the cloth, and, despite all attempts, it will probably never be got out of the suit.

Another favourite plan is to place packets of petal dust or lavender between the various articles of dress, and, here again, the difficulty of getting rid of the scent is up against us. Moreover, the scent from these "preservatives" is somewhat effeminate.

The simplest, cheapest, yet most successful plan is to utilise old sheets of newspaper. It is a known fact that moths have a peculiar dislike to printer's ink, and the advantage of having the clothes always covered is apparent.

Trousers and waistcoats may be packed away in drawers, but coats should, whenever possible, be hung in cupboards or wardrobes.

It is a useful thing to remember that all large drapers, and a few tailors, supply wooden hangers, which fit across the shoulders of the jacket, at the small cost of a penny.

These preserve the "hang" and shape of the coat and obviate all possibilities of creasing.

Here, again, the newspaper comes in handy; sheets should be fastened on to the hook of the hanger in such a manner as to allow of their covering the suspended coat.

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The New Waterproof Washable Linen Glaze, will give you a clean linen collar every day for six months at a cost of 1s.

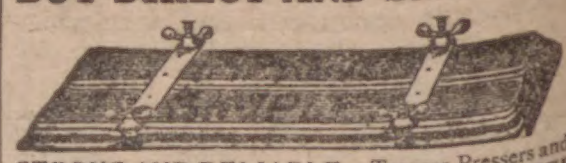
Simply coat an ordinary linen collar or cuff with LIN-GLOSS once a month and you will then have a clean collar daily by sponging with cold water. You get all the advantages of celluloid without its detestable appearance, and without its dangers. The appearance of the collar is not altered in the least. It is impossible to tell that LIN-GLOSS has been used.

A One Shilling Bottle will last six months, and will save 500 per cent. on the outlay.

Send at once 1s. P.O. to

THE LIN-GLOSS CO.
(Dept. 10), 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE 50%



Price 5/9. Gives an elegant crease. Carriage Paid. 4/11 Unpolished.

STRONG AND RELIABLE. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome POLISHED OAK, PLATED FITTINGS. Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied. *Send for Illustrated List, Free.*

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

ONE PRICE and the same exceptional value for our customers all over the world. Wherever you live we guarantee satisfaction, splendid value and perfect-fitting garments, whatever style you choose. We make the cloth, we make the clothes. Suits to measure from **21s.** to **55s. CLOTH** supplied from **2s.** yd. Patterns and style book, together with full information of carriage and duty to any part of the world, post free.

C. E. BRIERLEY & CO., 33, Station Street, HUDDERSFIELD, ENG.

Your clothes will cost you less

if purchased on our system of supplying-by-post. We have had such wide experience of dealing with customers through the post that we can guarantee you perfect fitting in the best styles. Our suits are cut well, fit well, and are made from the finest Yorkshire and other cloths. Or we supply the cloth for your tailor to make up. **Write for Patterns and Free Book of Styles,** giving full particulars of postage to all parts of the world.

GROVES & LINDLEY, 25, Lion Buildings, Huddersfield

A CAPITAL 27/6 SPORTING COAT

Invaluable for walking, cycling, shooting, riding, and all outdoor sports.

This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back to allow freedom of shoulder movement.

It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer

Large patch pockets.

Horn or leather buttons.

Materials:

HOMESPUNS, SCOTCH TWEEDS, IRISH TWEEDS

An accurate fit is guaranteed. Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set Tailors,

20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

Printed by The Victoria House Printing Co., Ltd., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietors, The Modern Man, Ltd., by The United Press, Ltd., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to The Modern Man Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

"Tymaka". (Patent) Tie Frames are indispensable to wearers of double collars. When tie is once adjusted on this frame it is ready for constant use without the trouble of tying and untying each time it is worn. Is easily attached to the stem of collar-stud, and does not damage collar or tie. If unable to obtain from your hosier, sample post free 6d.—Hart & Co., 15 and 16, Thavies Inn, London, E.C.

Always Well-dressed on 1s. a Year. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3190, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3650, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Splendid mackintosh, brand new, best make, 38 chest, no further use for same; bargain, 11s. 6d.—Box 3651, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For smart clothing at keen cash prices, see McKinley's advertisement, page 19.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3580, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Football, brand new this season, never been used; take 6s. 6d., a bargain.—Box 3600, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Anglers appreciate genuine British-made fishing tackle direct from the makers, carefully packed for home or export. Albert Smith is familiar with the wants of anglers in all parts of the world. Catalogues free. Note address: Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs.

Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3581, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair Sandow's grip dumbbells, 7s., new; soiled pair, 5s.; double-ended punching-ball, cost 18s. 6d.; sell 8s. 6d.; one cost 34s., sell 15s. 9d.; five-strand chest-expander, 3s. 9d.; ten-strand, 7s.; fifteen-strand, 10s. All new and carriage paid.—Aston, 52, Lamont Road, Chelsea, S.W.

Wanted, bagatelle table, full size, all accessories, must be in good condition, and cheap.—Box 3652, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Skates. Roller-skates, all sizes, new, adjustable; accept 2s. 9d. per pair.—Box 3653, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

For midgets, Marion multiplying, with repeating back, Musk's long extension, fine adjusting; will take 35s.—Box 3654, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Thornton-Pickard ½-plate outfit, triple extension, and all improvements, three slides, tripod, case, &c., condition as new; £3 10s.—Box 3655, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"DIGS."

Wanted, farmhouse diggings for week, rough shooting if possible, view future holidays or week-ends, Hampshire or borders; terms moderate.—Box 3644, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Clarionet, B flat, 14 keys, Hawkes Excelsior mouthpiece, 30s., or nearest offer.—Box 3611, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Beautiful toned silver-plated cornet, by Labbaye, originally foreman of Courtois, in fine condition. Sacrifice £3.—Box 3612, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

CYCLES, &c.

Sale, gent's cycle, last year's Swift; cost 8 guineas; take 5, or exchange something useful.—Box 3642, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

£5 per week earned by advertisement writers; excellent opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus and full particulars post free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 38), 9-15, Oxford Street, London, W.

"The Modern Man," Nos. 1 to 90, except 8, 47, 48, 71. Offers.—Box 3640, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

What offers? "The Modern Man," complete set of numbers.—Box 3656, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally. Treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 22.

Gentleman desires situation on poultry farm with view to learn; would work, preferably for board.—Terms to Box 3641, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Wanted, the loan of £10; repay by monthly instalments, good interest given.—Box 3670, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bond, £116 10s., with interest, London Provident Building Society, paid up to date. What offers?—Box 3657, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good mail order business, or good selling lines for the mail order business—Box 3658, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£10 private loan required for 2 months; will give promissory note for £14 and good references.—Box 3659, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Householder requires £10 loan until end October, repay £12 10s.; guarantee, or security given (London).—Box 3660, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£20 private loan required, repay £24; valuable security deposited (London).—Box 3661, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

20 Lotinga 5s. shares, £3 paid; sacrifice 47s. 6d.; must sell.—Box 3662, "The Modern Man, 21, Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3584, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3585, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3586, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Influenza, hay-fever, colds, coughs cured by genuine old family recipe; P.O. 1s.—Box 3643, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sunburnt men are handsomely attractive; Indian Liquid Bronze, genuine; post free, 10d.—Binn, 4, Pitt Lane, Bradford, Yorks.

Coughs.—Save patent medicine vendors' profits; my mixture costs sixpence a pint; send 1s. for recipe.—Box 3645, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Hair Tonic. No need to lose your hair. Remarkable old prescription, practically unknown, inexpensive, invaluable. Recipe P.O. 1s.—T. W., Box 3646, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

How to gain in weight, no holidays required; recipe, P.O. 9d.—Box 3647, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Grand bulldog, sound and healthy, good pedigree; £2 10s., or exchange pullets.—Box 3621, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanting room, will dispose of 2½ years bitch for 42s., no vice, pedigree.—Box 3622, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A beautiful fawn collie dog, quiet with children and a good house dog; reasonable offer.—Box 3623, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Great Dane female puppy for sale; price 26s.; room wanted; or exchange.—Box 3624, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bankrupt stock of good razors; ordinary price 3s., sell 1s. 8d. each, post free.—Fenome, 3, Alfred Street, Royston, near Barnsley.

"Clenechave," the most perfect safety razor, complete in case with seven blades; 5s. post free.—Clenechave Safety Razor Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Amusement.—Secure, post free, six unique Pocket Novelties, 1s. 6d.—Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

125 Cigarettes, 2d. Send 2d. for coupon, blends, and particulars.—Empire Stores, 6, Norfolk Street, Sunderland.

A golden offer. Gent's tie-pin, exceptionally handsome, 1s. post free.—J. Treasure and Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Astrology, Matrimony, Character, Business, &c. Hundreds delighted. Birth date, 6d., and stamped address.—Henry Merlin, Room 10, 153, Duke Street, Liverpool.

Astrology reveals planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birthdate and 1s. order for test horoscope. Two years' guide added.—Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Llandaff, Glam.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Chesterfield Overcoat, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor made, one of Longford's very best superfine quality, dark grey tweed, 40-inch breast, never worn; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

£1 1S.—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice £1 1s. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Special "Modern Man" Offer!

Oct. 8.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells

.... ON ....

FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each, equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.